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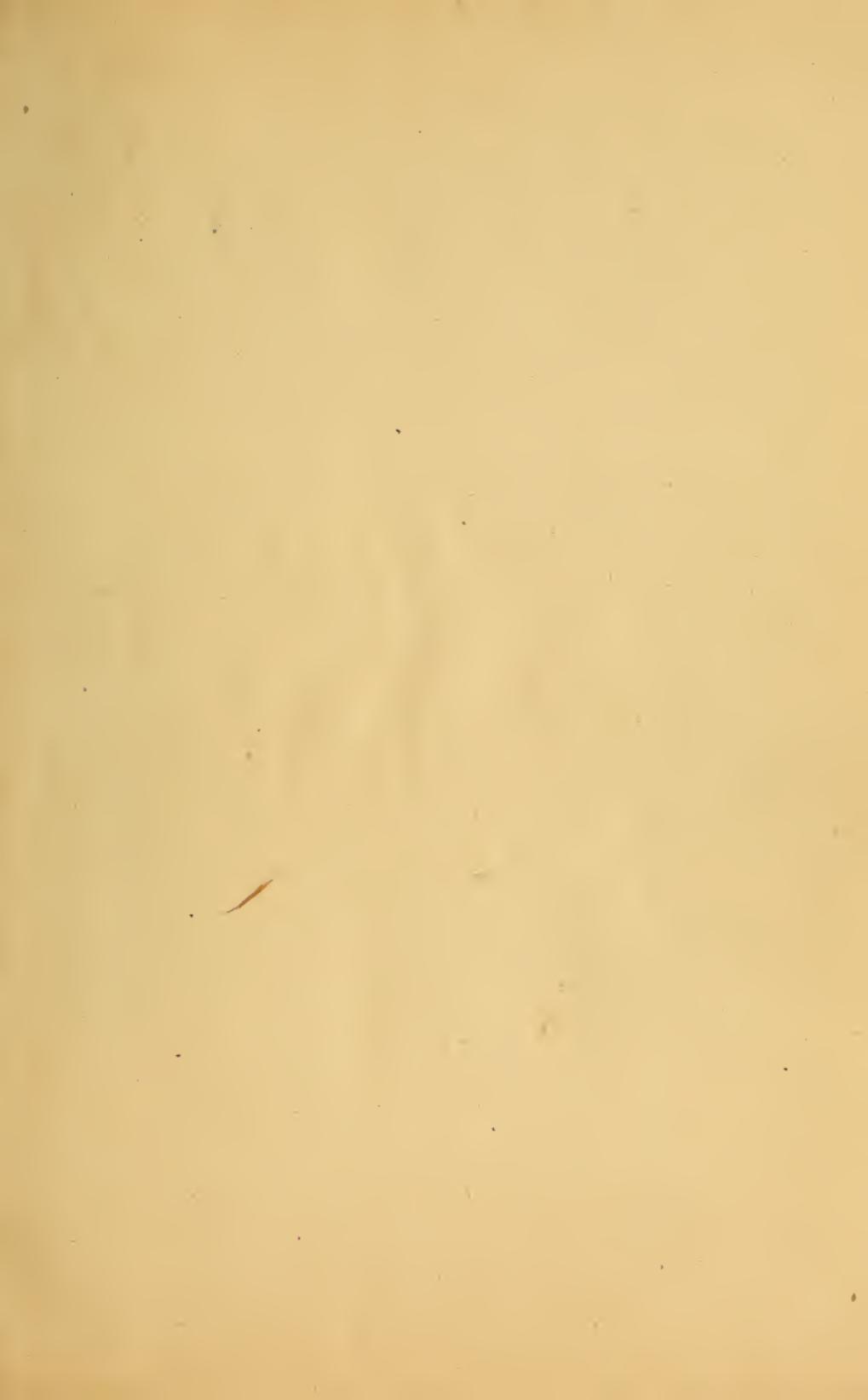
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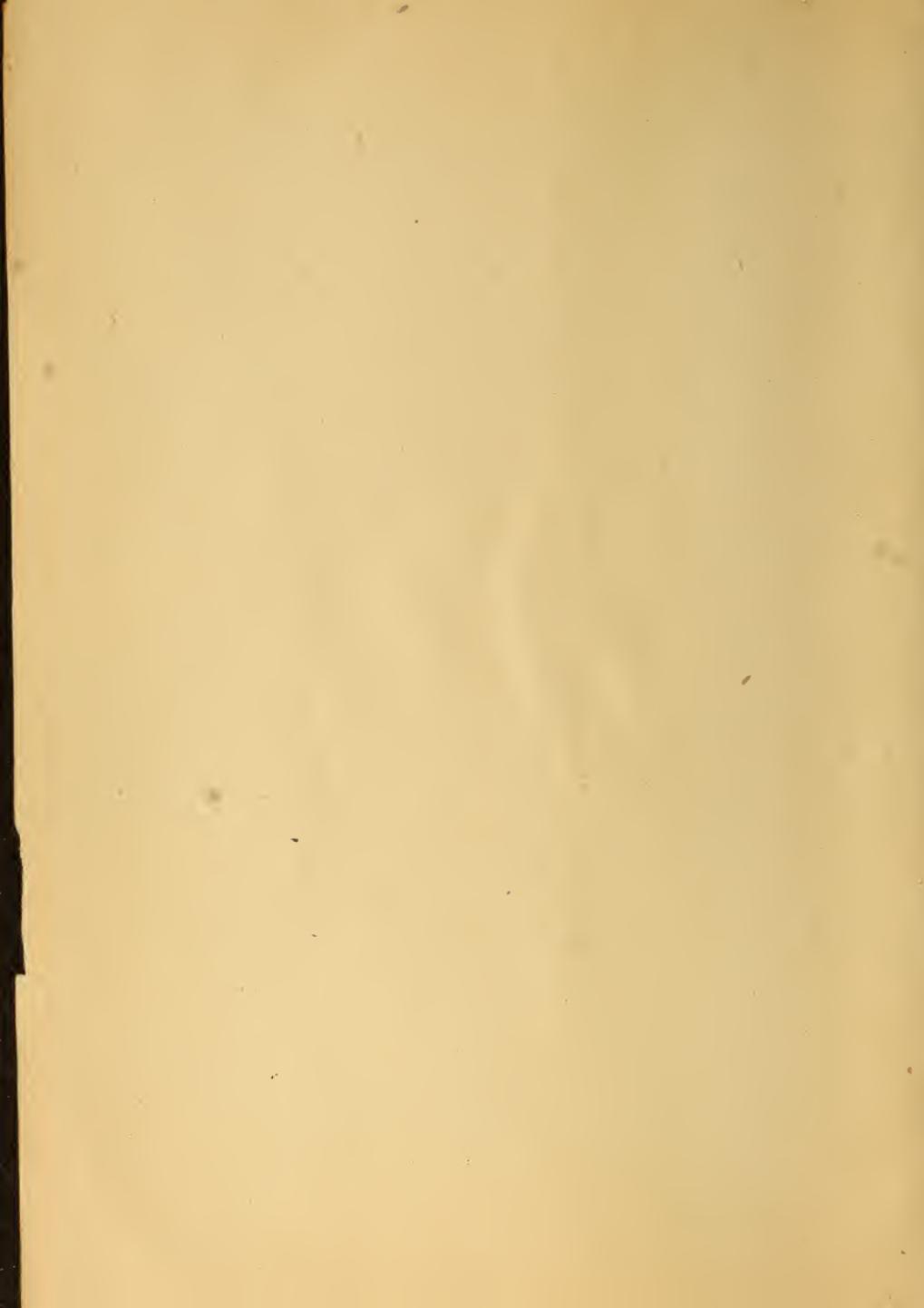
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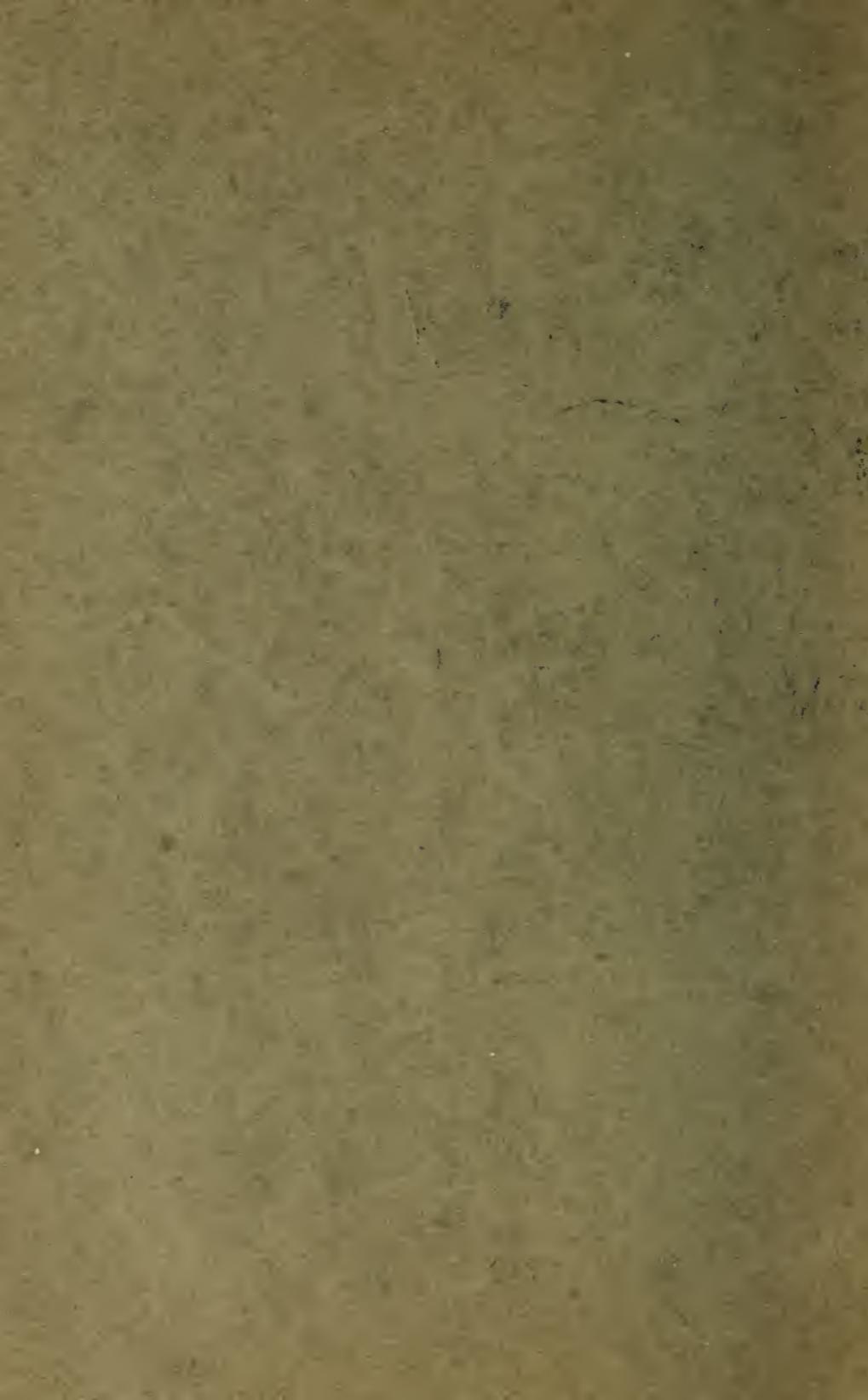
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





CRUSADER
PROGRAMS.

PRICE, 25 CENTS.



CRUSADER PROGRAMS.

FOR

The Loyal Temperance Legion,

SUNDAY SCHOOLS, ETC.



CHICAGO,
WOMAN'S TEMPERANCE PUBLICATION ASSOCIATION,
1889.

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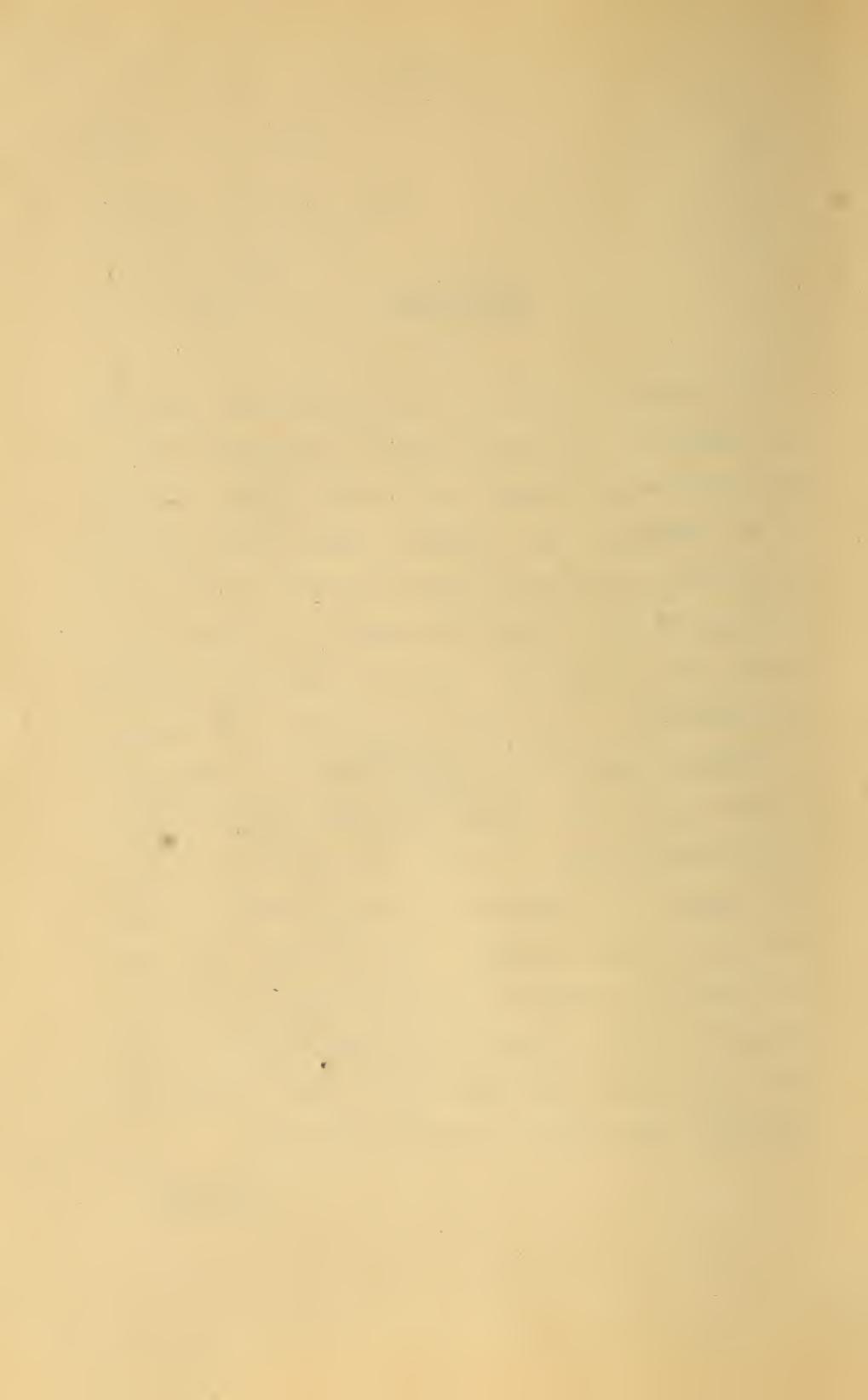


Preface.

The constant demand for exercises for the use of children and young people at entertainments, has led to the preparation of this volume. Most of its dialogues are reprints from THE YOUNG CRUSADER, and have borne the test of use. It is believed that their child-talk is, at least, natural, care having been taken to avoid the stilted conversation so common in similar collections.

Amateur theatricals being contrary to the spirit of our work, there is but little costuming needed in these selections. All the accessories necessary can easily be obtained, or improvised, in the smallest country village. Such as they are, the exercises are sent forth for the help of Sunday-schools, and the Loyal Temperance Legion, with the hope that they may aid in the "arrest of thought" for which we work and pray.

A.M.G.



CRUSADER PROGRAMS.

Special Days.

ARBOR DAY.

[Scene—a school-room. The exercise may easily be expanded so as to bring in more trees and more quotations about each.]

Teacher.—We will now have our quotations about trees. Please give the name of the tree when it occurs in your quotation, with special emphasis. Name the author after giving the selection, when possible, as that will help us to remember who are the writers on nature.

1.—Up the side of almost perpendicular heights the *pine-trees* climb. How they get nourishment enough to grow is a marvel. The branches are torn and battered, telling tales of the wintry snow and the fall of the avalanches from the peaks above them.—*M. K. M. (an English writer.)*

2.—*Palmettoes* ranked, with childish spear-points set
Against no enemy. —*Sidney Lanier.*

3.—Green, grateful *mangroves* where the sand-beach shines. —*Sidney Lanier.*

4.—Under a spreading *chestnut-tree*
The village smithy stands. —*Longfellow.*

No voice replied, but while I listening stood.

Sweet peace made holy hushes through the wood. —Alice Cary.

- 11.— High over the hills of Habersham,
 Veiling the valleys of Hall,
 The *hickory* told me manifold
 Fair tales of shade, the *poplar* tall
 Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,
 The *chestnut*, the *oak*, the *walnut*, the *pine*,
 Overleaning, with flickering meaning and
 sign,
 Said, “Pass not, so cold, these manifold
 Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
 These glades in the valleys of Hall.”
 —Sidney Lanier.

- 12.—When clouds o'ershadow all the wintry sky,
 And fallen, feathery snowflakes cover
 all,
 Hiding the barren landscape far and nigh,
 Enwrapping it within a fleecy pall,
 There stand the *evergreens* with fair white
 plumes,
 Which hide their summits with the wintry
 blooms. —White.

- 13.— What plant we in this *apple-tree*?
 Buds, which the breath of summer days
 Shall lengthen into leafy sprays ;
 Boughs where the thrush, with crimson
 breast,
 Shall haunt, and sing, and hide her nest ;
 We plant, upon the sunny lea,
 A shadow for the noontide hour,
 A shelter for the summer shower,
 When we plant the apple-tree.

—Bryant.

14.—In the winter bleak and bare,
 Stand the *birches* bright and fair,
 White their twigs against the sky
 Shine in serried panoply.

'T is the silken sheen they show
 Of white samite, and the glow
 Of red-litten threads of gold,
 Down the trunks of brown unrolled.

—White.

15.—The *hickory* heavenward strives, the *muscadine*
 Swings o'er the slope, the *oak's* far-falling
 shade
 Darkens the *dogwood* in the bottom glade.

—Sidney Lanier.

16.—The robin laughed in the *orange-tree* :
 " Ho, windy North, a fig for thee ;
 While breasts are red and wings are bold,
 And green trees wave us globes of gold,
 Time's scythe shall reap but bliss for
 me —
 Sunlight, song, and the orange-tree."

—Sidney Lanier.

17.—Is it the *palm*, the *cocoa-palm*,
 On the Indian Sea, by the isles of balm ?
 Or is it a ship in the breezeless calm ?

—Whittier.

18.—When the bare and wintry woods we see,
 What then so cheerful as the *holly-tree* ?

—Southey.

19.—The buds of the *buckeye* in spring are the
 first,
 And the *willow's* gold hair then appears,

And snowy the cups of the *dogwood* that
burst

By the *red bud*, with pink-tinted tears.

—W. W. Fosdick.

20.—The groves were God's first temples.

—Bryant.

21.—A song to the *oak*, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in the greenwood long,
And still flourish he, a hale, green tree,
When a hundred years are gone.

—H. F. Chorley.

22.— I love the *palm*,
With his leaves of beauty, his fruit of balm ;
If I were a king, O stately tree,
A likeness, glorious as might be,
In the court of my palace I'd build for
thee !
With a shaft of silver burnished bright,
And leaves of beryl and malachite ;
With spikes of golden bloom ablaze,
And fruits of topaz and chrysoprase.

—Bayard Taylor.

23.—Through the rain of *willow*-branches I
could see the low hill-ranges,
And the river on its way.

—Mrs. Browning.

24.—Underneath the *chestnuts* dripping,
Through the grasses wet and fair,
Straight I sought my garden-ground,
With the *laurel* on the mound,
And the *pear-tree* oversweeping
A side-shadow of green air.

—Mrs. Browning.

25.—The Christmas-day was coming, the Christmas eve drew near ;
The *fir-trees* they were talking low,
At midnight cold and clear.
And this is what the fir-trees said, all in
the pale moonlight :
“ Now which of us shall chosen be to grace
the holy night ? ”
Each tall tree and each goodly tree,
Cried, “ Bid me come to thee,
For in my heart of hearts I know
I am a *Christmas-tree*. ”

—From *St. Nicholas*.

THE WOODS IN SPRING.

A RECITATION.

[The speaker holds in her hand buds of the different trees, mosses and lichens.]

Have you ever studied the buds ? Look at these of the elm trees—they stand out pale and green against the April sky which peeps through them. At other seasons, the elm is rather commonplace in its character ; its full summer foliage is somewhat dull and uniform, and its autumn tints are pale and sickly ; but at this sweet spring-time, there is not a tree to compare with it.

Here are the chestnut buds ; they have been carefully folded up in brown, clammy scales all through the winter, and not a drop of rain or a twinge of frost has ever got through to hurt the life within. For the last two or three weeks they have been getting larger and larger, till now the scales have burst and the long divided leaves hang down like weary hands which have done

their work instead of just beginning it. But a few days of air and sunshine will put them all right, and they will spread out in broad palms, strong and vigorous, and equal to all the duty which lies before them for the summer.

Here are willow buds, covered over with a kind of wool, and that has kept out the cold just as well. But the tender life has outgrown its need of blankets, and so the fragments all lie scattered underneath the trees. Nature has had an eye to the birds in this matter, and the woolly scraps will be woven into many a nest, ere long.

Perhaps the buds of the beach-tree are the most elegant of all. First appears a slender pink sheath, out of which gradually emerge, as the sheath unfolds, some soft, silky hairs. Presently these develop into green leaves of the finest texture, and with the loveliest of fringes to edge them round.

The sycamore buds have also a pink shade to their scales ; they are larger and thicker, and the young leaves are neither fringed nor feathery, but they have their own special beauty. Some of the sycamore flowers unfold with the buds, and as the long yellowish spikes are full of honey, they are much frequented by the insects; and where the insects come, the birds are sure to follow.

A forest is not simply a forest, and nothing more. No, the wood is the seat of life. A world of life lies hidden underneath its trees. There are the birds in its branches—myriad insects hold their court and live their little lives in these shadowy places—the moss beneath encircles the earth with its green embrace. We might, perchance, count the trees in the forest, but we could hardly number the stems of the moss, or the patches of lichen which stain every

stone and cover every prostrate trunk. Their life is the preparation for the lives of the race above them—they are the pioneers of the army which is to follow—they must enrich the soil and keep it moist.

The workshop of Nature is below ; we see the final touches, but not her patient labor underground. Out of sight, out of hearing, the quiet mosses live and die, but not in vain. Nourished by them, the trees take root and grow and spread, and the harmony of Nature is complete.

Is the work of the leaves done when, their bright summer life over, they lie softly down to rest under the bare, wintry boughs ? Nay, it is not death, but death giving place to life. It is *progress*, for the last year's leaves make the soil for next year's flowers.

FREEDOM.

A Program for Memorial Day.

ALICE M. GUERNSEY.

[This exercise will require the help of the Y's for some of the parts. The characters represented should come forward, speak, and then pass off on the opposite side of the stage, except the Spirit of Freedom, who moves to one side as Leif Ericsson enters, and remains there during the rest of the exercise. The young lady taking this part should be able to suit expression of face and manner to the varying moods—hope, anxiety, fear, etc.,—that are indicated in the text. This character and that of Columbus should be taken by the best speakers obtainable.

If convenient, appropriate costumes will make the exercise much more effective. For those of Leif Ericsson and Columbus, see the pictures in school histories ; the Puritan may wear a sailor suit of navy blue, with trimmings of white anchors and cords ; the Patriots should wear rosettes of the national colors ; Want may be in

deep mourning, and Crime in blood-red, each wearing a sash of white, on which is her name in letters large enough to be distinctly seen.]

(Enter the *Spirit of Freedom*, a young lady dressed in white and carrying a wand in her right hand.)

Spirit of Freedom.—Through long, long years, in many lands, among many nations, I have sought a fit dwelling-place for Freedom. Greece had painting and sculpture at which the world wonders to-day; but Grecian liberty was only an idle dream. Rome had mighty military power, but the Roman eagles held despotic sway, crushing out individual lives that the empire might flourish. One by one, other nations rose to notice on the continent of Europe. I watched their growth with eager eyes. I sought a home among them. But, alas! almost with one accord they spurned me from their doors. Driven thence, I turned to this new world. Here I wait to-day—wait to see if the dream of years is destined to become a reality, or if here, too, Freedom seeks a resting place in vain. 'Tis my last hope. Banished from this land, I can but die. But *I will not die!* "Hope springs eternal in my breast." It *must* that here, in this land, consecrated by toil and sacrifice, in this land thick-sown with hero-graves—it must be that here is the true home of Freedom.

Would you know the grounds of this, my fondest hope? Listen, then, while I bring them before you.

"Sum the substance of the Past,
From the first unto the last;
Ghostly rhymes of Norsemen pale
Steering by old Bjorn's sail;
Strains more noble of that night
Worn Columbus saw his Light;

Psalms of still more heavenly tone,
 How the Mayflower tossed alone ;
 Olden tale and later song
 Of the Patriot's love and wrong ;
 Thus will we, from first to last,
 Sum the substance of the Past."

(*Lanier.*)

From the far land of the Northmen, I sent Leif Ericsson, my first envoy to the New World.

(*Waves her wand—Leif Ericsson enters.*)

Leif Ericsson.—

Then Leif, bold son of Eric the Red,
 To the South of the West doth flee—
 Past slaty Helluland is sped,
 Past Markland's woody lea,
 Till round about fair Vinland's head,
 Where Taunton helps the sea,

The Norseman calls, the anchor falls,
 The mariners hurry a-strand :
 They wassail with fore-drunken skals
 Where prophet wild grapes stand ;
 They lift the Leifsbooth's hasty walls,
 They stride about the land.

(*Lanier.*)

Spirit of Freedom.—'Twas a bold mariner, and fair spread the unknown shore before him. Yet voices forebodin' danger sang in mine ears even then.

Chorus of unseen voices.—

[*Air, "Brave Boys Are They."*]
 Fair, fair the land !
 Wassail, and song, and cheer,
 And yet, and yet,
 We can not forget
 That danger now lurketh near.

*Spirit of Freedom.—*Look forth now upon the waters ! Three ships set sail upon an unknown voyage. Westward the waves and breezes carry them.

*“Santa Maria, well thou tremblest down the wave,
The Pinta far abow, thy Nina high astern ;
Columbus stands in the night alone, and, passing grave,
Yearns o'er the sea as tones o'er under-silence yearn.”*
(Lanier.)

(Waves her wand—Columbus enters.)

Columbus.—

Ere we Gomera cleared, a coward cried,
*Turn, turn, here be three caravels ahead,
From Portugal to take us; we are dead!*
Hold westward, pilot, calmly I replied.
So when at last land down the horizon died,
*Go back, go back! they prayed, our hearts are lead.—
Friends, we are bound into the West, I said.*

Then passed the wreck of a mast upon our side.
See (so they wept) God's warning! Admiral, turn!—
Steersman, I said, hold straight into the West.
Then down the night we saw the meteor burn.
*So do the very heavens in fire protest:
Good Admiral, put about! O Spain, dear Spain!—
Hold straight into the West, I said again.*

Next drive we o'er the slimy-weeded sea.
*Lo! herebeneath (another coward cries)
The cursed land of sunk Atlantis lies:
This slime will suck us down—turn while thou'rt free!—
But no! I said, Freedom bears West for me!*

Yet when the long-time stagnant winds arise,
And day by day the keel to westward flies,
My Good my people's Ill doth come to be:
Ever the winds into the West do blow;
Never a ship once turned, might homeward go;
Meanwhile we sped into the lonesome main.
*For Christ's sake, parley, Admiral! Turn, before
We sail outside all bounds of help from Spain!—
Our help is in the West, I said once more.*

So when there came a mighty cry of Land!
And we clomb up and saw, and shouted strong,
Salve Regina! all the ropes along,
But knew at morn how that a counterfeit band
Of level clouds had aped a silver strand;
So when we heard the orchard-bird's small song,
And all the people cried, *A hellish throng
To tempt us onward, by the devil planned,*

*Yea, all from hell—keen heron, fresh green weeds,
 Pelican, tunny-fish, fair tapering reeds,
 Lie-telling lands that ever shine and die
 In clouds of nothing round the empty sky.
 Tired Admiral, get thee from this hell, and rest!—
 Steersman, I said, hold straight into the West.*

I marvel how mine eye, ranging the Night,
 From its big circling ever absently
 Returns, thou large, low Star, to fix on thee.
 Santa Maria! Star? no star; a Light, a Light!
 Wouldst leap ashore, Heart? Yonder burns a Light.
 Pedro Gutierrez, wake! come up to me.

I prithee stand and gaze about the sea:
 What seest? *Admiral, like as land—a Light!*
 Well! Sanchez of Segovia, come and try;
 What seest? *Admiral, naught but sea and sky!*
 Well, but *I* saw It. Wait! the Pinta's gun!
 Why, look, 'tis dawn, the land is clear; 'tis done!
 Two dawns do break at once from Time's full hand—
 God's, East—mine, West; good friends, behold my land!
 (Lanier.)

Spirit of Freedom.—Aye, it was Land at last—
 Land that stood as the fulfillment of long hopes
 and dreams'! And I, as I watched, fancied it the
 land of the free. And yet—

Chorus of unseen voices.—
 Fair, fair, the land!
 Land of the far To-be!
 And yet, and yet,
 We can not forget
 The shadows on land and sea.

Spirit of Freedom.—Again an ocean scene!
 A lonely keel ploughs the waste of waters. It
 bears precious freight.

“What seek they thus afar?
 Bright jewels of the mine?
 The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
 They seek a Faith's pure shrine.”

(Waves her wand—the Puritan enters.)

Puritan.—

Mayflower, Ship of Faith's best hope!
 Thou art sure if all men grope;

Mayflower, Ship of Hope's best faith !
 All is true the great God saith ;
 Mayflower, Ship of Charity !
 Love is Lord of land and sea.
 Oh, with love and love's best care
 Thy large, godly freightage bear—
 Godly hearts that, Grails of gold,
 Still the blood of Faith do hold.

Out the anchor, sail no more,
 Lay us by the Future's shore—
 Leap, and wade ashore, and kneel—
 God be praised that steered the keel !
 Home is good, and soft is rest,
 Even in this jagged West ;
 Freedom lives, and Right shall stand ;
 Blood of Faith is in the land.

(Lanier.)

Spirit of Freedom.—“Aye, call it holy ground,
 The spot where first they trod.
 They've left unstained what there they found,
 Freedom to worship God.”

Chorus of unseen voices.—

Fair, fair, the land,
 Freedom's true home at last !
 And yet, and yet,
 We can not forget
 Sad lessons from out the past.

Spirit of Freedom.—Not without tears and
 blood was Freedom to win for herself a place in
 this “brave new world.” Through bitter strife,
 even unto death, she sought her rights.

(Waves her wand—1st Patriot enters.)

1st Patriot.—

Say, Woodman April ! all in green,
 Say, Robin April ! hast thou seen
 In all thy travel round the earth,
 Ever a morn of calmer birth ?
 But morning's eye alone serene
 Can gaze across yon village-green
 To where the trooping British run
 Through Lexington.

Good men in fustian, stand ye still ;
 The men in red come o'er the hill.
Lay down your arms, ye Rebels ! cry
 The men in red, full haughtily.
 But never a grounding gun is heard ;
 The men in fustian stand unstirred ;
 Dead calm, save maybe a wise bluebird
 Puts in his little heavenly word.
 O men in red ! if ye but knew
 The half as much as bluebirds do,
 Now in this little tender calm
 Each hand would out, and every palm
 With patriot palm strike brotherhood's stroke,
 Or ere these lines of battle broke.

(*Lanier.*)

(*The Spirit of Freedom waves her wand again—
 2d Patriot enters.*)

2d Patriot.—

They sit in the reverend Hall : *Shall we declare ?*
 Floats round about the anxious-quivering air
 'Twixt narrow Schuylkill and broad Delaware.
 Already, Land ! *thou hast declared ; 'tis done !*
 Ran ever clearer speech than that did run
 When the sweet Seven died at Lexington ?

Canst legibler write than Concord's large-stroked Act ?
 Or when at Bunker Hill the clubbed guns cracked ?
 Hast ink more true than blood, or pen than fact ?

Now naked feet with crimson fleck the ways,
 And Arnold-spotted move the creeping days,
 Till Yorktown's smoky vapors slowly fade,
 And Time's full top casts down a pleasant shade
 Where Freedom lies unarmed and unafraid.

(*Lanier.*)

(*Enter Color Guard, carrying a large flag.*)

Color Guard.—

When Freedom from her mountain height,
 Unfurled her standard to the air,
 She tore the azure robe of Night,
 And set the stars of glory there.
 She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
 The milky baldric of the skies,

And striped its pure, celestial white
 With streakings of the morning light.
 Then from her mansion in the sun,
 She called her eagle-bearer down,
 And gave into his mighty hand
 The symbol of her chosen land.

(*Drake.*)

(Enter a company of children, waving flags,
 and forming in a semicircle behind the Color
 Guard.)

Children.—

Up with our banner bright,
 Sprinkled with starry light !
 Spread its wide emblems from mountain to shore !
 While through the sounding sky
 Loud rings the nation's cry,
 "Union and Liberty ! One, evermore !"

(*Holmes.*)

Spirit of Freedom.—Surely here was home at last ! The downtrodden and oppressed of every land would find safe sanctuary here. What remained to be sought,

"With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
 And freedom's banner streaming o'er us ?"

Chorus of unseen voices (faintly).

Fair, fair, the land,
 Far in the glowing West !
 And yet, and yet,
 We can not forget
 The fetters that on it rest.

Spirit of Freedom.—Still those threatening voices ! And even as I listened, I heard the deep roar of battle.

"Now, O Sin ! O Love's lost shame !
 Burned the land with redder flame !
 North in line and South in line
 Yelled the charge and sprung the mine.
 Heartstrong South would have his way,
 Headstrong North had said him nay !"

“ And from each black, accursed mouth,
 The cannon thundered in the South,
 And with the sound
 The carols drowned
 Of peace on earth, good will to men ! ”

“ And in despair I bowed my head ;
 ‘ There is no peace on earth,’ I said ;
 ‘ For hate is strong,
 And mocks the song
 Of peace on earth, good will to men ! ”

“ Then heard I words more loud and deep.”

Responses by unseen voices.—

1. “ God is not dead ; nor doth He sleep !
 The Wrong shall fail,
 The Right prevail,
 With peace on earth, good will to men ! ”

2. “ Toll ! Roland, toll !
 And let thy iron throat
 Ring out its warning note,
 Till Freedom’s perils be outbraved,
 And Freedom’s flag wherever waved,
 Shall overshadow none enslaved !
 Toll ! till from either ocean’s strand
 Brave men shall clasp each other’s hand,
 And shout, ‘ God save our native land ! ’ ”

Spirit of Freedom.—Brave toilers thought, and planned, and spoke, and acted. Brave women wrought noble deeds in camps, and hospitals and homes. Brave men were not afraid to die. And when the bugles rang peace, North and South clasped hands in brother-love and mourned together

(Enter children with mourning badges and flowers.)

Children.—

I. Sleep, soldiers, sleep, and rest
 On this Field of the Grounded Arms,
 Where foes no more molest,
 Nor sentry’s shot alarms.

2. Ye have slept on the ground before,
And started to your feet
At the cannon's sudden roar,
Or the drum's redoubling beat.
3. But in this camp of Death
No sound your slumber breaks ;
Here is no fevered breath,
No wound that bleeds and aches.
4. All is repose and peace,
Untrampled lies the sod.
The shouts of battle cease,
It is the truce of God !

In unison.—Your silent tents of green
We deck with fragrant flowers ;
Yours has the suffering been,
The memory shall be ours.

(Longfellow.)

Spirit of Freedom.—By the banner-crowned
graves of their heroes, men pledged this land to
Freedom. But still sang the warning voices.

Chorus of unseen voices.—

Fair, fair, the land !
Guard it from every ill.
For yet, for yet
We can not forget
A curse is upon it still.

(Waves her wand—Want and Crime enter.)

Want.—

Do you call this the land of the free,
When the Demon of Drink is abroad ?
When his curse is on men,
And enslavèd again,
They but kneel at the touch of his rod ?

Do you call this the land of the free,
When the children are crying for bread ?
When from palace to cot,
A home there is not
But some Rachel doth mourn for her dead ?

Nay, nay, not the land of the free !
 Though the green has scarce covered the graves
 Of your heroes at rest,
 This fair land of the West
 Has its scourges, and fetters, and slaves.

Crime.—

Nay, nay, not the land of the free !
 'Tis the land of debasement and crime.
 Points the finger of scorn
 To this country new-born,
 From afar down the ages of Time !

And " Ha ! ha ! " laugh the nations that lie
 In the tomb of the limitless Past.
 " Ye are conquered, as we !
 And your glory shall be
 But a dream, like to ours, at the last ! "

Chorus of unseen voices.—

Woe, woe, the land !
 Darkly the shadows fall !
 And yet, and yet,
 We can not forget
 God's angels are watching all.

Children (in the distance).—" Hurrah ! we are coming, we are coming ! the bright hope of the morning in our faces, the vigor of a temperate life in our brains. We are coming ! America's hope, America's salvation."

[*Singing: Air, "We Are Coming, Father Abraham."*]

We are coming, we are coming,
 Our birthright to restore,
 We are coming to the rescue,
 With a hundred thousand more.

(Enter the Loyal Temperance Legion, wearing badges and carrying banners. They march and counter-march, keeping step to the drum beat. The prettier this march can be made, the better the effect. At its close, they form in a semicircle, facing the Spirit of Freedom, and sing :

[*Air, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp."*]

Temperance men have battled long,
Few and weak against the strong ;
They have carried on the contest many years ;
But a call is heard to-day,
Borne through all the earth away,
For a hundred thousand youthful volunteers.

CHO.—Tramp, tramp, tramp, ah, see them marching,
Full of hope they're marching on :
Never thinking of retreat,
Never dreaming of defeat,
But determined that the victory shall be won.

Lo ! they answer to the call,
Quickly into line they fall,
And the march begins with merry shout and song :
Still they come, and still they go,
Marching on to meet the foe,
Boys and girls, an army many thousand strong.

—CHO.

Let the welkin ring with cheers
For our youthful volunteers ;
They are marching on, the Fatherland to save.
They shall conquer as they go,
And when they have crushed the foe,
They shall wear the victor laurels of the brave.

—CHO.

—*The Glorious Cause.*

Spirit of Freedom.—Once before I dreamed that the children were coming to my help, as they went marching forth in the Crusade.

"With the red cross on the breast,
Azure-eyed and golden haired,
Forth the young Crusaders fared ;
(While above the band devoted,
Consecrated banners floated !)
Singing lowly, meekly, slowly,
'Give us, give us back the holy
Sepulchre of the Redeemer !'"

But they failed. What more can *ye* do ?

Children sing. (Marching Songs, p. 19.)
(Four speakers step forward in succession.)—

1st (*Bearing white banner with motto*).—Nay, sweet Spirit of Freedom, this is the true Children's Crusade.

Here are sons of brave mothers,
 Crusaders by prayer,
 And daughters who honor
 The names that they bear ;
 And we fling out white banners
 With watchword bedight,
 "Tremble, King Alcohol !
 God for the right!"

2d (*Bearing sash of red, white and blue*).—“We wage our peaceful war for God, and Home, and Native Land,” and in token thereof, we pray you to wear our colors. (*Places the sash over the left shoulder, knotting it under the right arm.*)

3d (*Bearing a crown of silver stars*).—By God's help, we will strike the fetters from the slaves of King Alcohol, and banish his legions from our borders. Then shall our land be free indeed. Nor is the time far distant ! even now we catch glimpses of that better day. And in token thereof, we crown thee, sweet Freedom, with the stars of peace.

4th (*Bearing the white ribbon*).—Mighty as thy wand has been in the past, it shall be still more so in the future. It shall be the symbol of man's last and best victory—the conquering of self. It shall be the sceptre of love to all nations, and in token thereof we twine it with the white ribbon in the name of “God, and Home, and Every Land.”

Spirit of Freedom.—Thank God, “the children are a-field !” Through them, at last, shall

Freedom's place be won ! Go forth, young soldiers, in His strength whose name ye bear. Smite the tyrant foe in all his secret lurking places—smite and utterly destroy ! Then, indeed, shall the world be free ! Hark ! I hear again the prophet voices !

Chorus of unseen voices.—

Fair, fair, the land !
Land of the brave and free !
God keep and bless.
In His tenderness,
The garden of Liberty !

(All join in repeating the strain as they march out, following the Spirit of Freedom.)

MEMORIAL DAY.

ALICE M. GUERNSEY.

[Those taking part should carry flowers in baskets, wreaths or bouquets.

If costumes are desired, the thirteen original states should be represented by girls dressed in white, and wearing crowns.

The following states are given in the order of their admission to the Union. Iowa should carry a flag, Texas may bear the "lone star," and the dress of Florida may be trimmed with vines and flowers. Other decorations will readily suggest themselves. Scarfs of white tarlatan, passing across the breast, each having the name of the state in letters cut from black paper, may be worn by the girls, and epaulets of white with black letters by the boys.

Each stands at the front in speaking, and then steps back as the next passes on to the platform, those representing the different sections (North and South) grouping themselves so as easily to speak in unison.]

N. H.—Before the doorways of their shops, men place symbols of the work which is done therein. The jeweler hangs a clock, the stationer,

a pen ; so the Almighty placed His sign in the mountains of New Hampshire—“*Men made here.*”

Mass.—The Bay State seeks “with the sword, quiet peace under liberty.”

R. I.—The emblem of Rhode Island is the anchor of Hope, “sure and steadfast.”

Conn.—The freemen of the Charter Oak remember that “He who transplanted still sustains.”

N. Y.—The Empire State bears as its exultant motto, “*Excelsior.*”

N. J.—New Jersey brings you greeting from her surf-beaten shores.

Penn.—Pennsylvania cherishes still the principles of peace, and bids the world a cordial welcome to her halls of Brother Love.

Del.—“Liberty and Independence” is the motto of Delaware.

Md.—Maryland greets you from the shores of the Chesapeake.

Va.—Virginia, trampling tyranny beneath her feet, proclaims, “Ever so to tyrants.”

N. C.—North Carolina brings salutations fragrant with the breath of her pines and balsams.

S. C.—South Carolina is “ready to give life and property” for the fatherland.

Ga.—Standing on the broad platform of the Constitution, Georgia takes as her motto, “Wisdom, Justice, and Moderation.”

Goddess of Liberty.—

“When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of Night
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light.

Then from her mansion in the Sun
 She called her eagle-bearer down,
 And gave into his mighty hand
 The symbol of her chosen land.

“ Flag of the free heart’s hope and home,
 By angel hands to valor given,—
 Thy stars have lit the welkin’s dome,
 And all thy hues are born of heaven.
 Forever float that standard sheet !
 Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
 With Freedom’s soil beneath our feet,
 And Freedom’s banner streaming o’er us ! ”

Music.—Star-spangled Banner.

Vt.—When the war of Revolution closed, the thirteen wore the white robes and crowns of victory. Nobly did the Green Mountain boys prove their right to a place with them in “ Freedom and Unity.”

Ky.—Through storm and conflict, upon “ dark and bloody ground,” Kentucky won her rights.

Tenn.—“ Agriculture and Commerce” are the safeguards of Tennessee.

O.—Ohio comes—state of the “ beautiful river.”

La.—“ Justice, Union, and Confidence” is the watchword of Louisiana.

Ind.—Indiana sends you “ a waft of the prairie breeze.”

Miss.—From her home by the “ Father of Waters,” Mississippi comes.

Ill.—“ Illinois with the garland of Ceres,
 Her tresses of gold hath bound ;
 Queen of the limitless prairies,
 Where the great sheaves strew the ground.”

Ala.—Alabama comes from her “ resting-place” in the Sunny South.

Me.—And Maine, from her harbors on the stormy Atlantic.

Mo.—Missouri proudly proclaims, “The will of the people is the supreme law.”

Ark.—Arkansas asserts, “The people rule.”

Mich.—Michigan, true in symbol and spirit to the “Many in One,” comes from her peninsular home on the mighty lakes.

Fla.—Florida comes from the vines and flowers of the Gulf.

Tex.—The star of Texas hath guided her footsteps through days of peril and blood.

Ia.—Iowa, bearing the flag and prizing her liberty, pledges herself to maintain her rights.

Wis.—From the “gathering of the waters,” Wisconsin bears her motto of progress,—“Forward !”

Cal.—California’s Golden Gate opens at the mystic countersign, “Eureka.”

Minn.—Minnesota comes, “The Star of the North.”

Ore.—Oregon, from the sunset shore, sends the rallying word, “Union.”

Kan.—Kansas aspires “to the stars, through difficulties.”

Neb.—“Progress” is the rallying-word of Nebraska.

W. Va.—West Virginia.—“Mountaineers are always freemen.”

Nev.—“All for our country,” is the motto of Nevada.

Col.—“Nothing without God,” is the faith of Colorado.

Wash. Ter.—With a glance at the coming future, Washington calmly waits the “By-and-by.”

N. Mex.—The Mexican eagle pays homage to America.

Ind. Ter.—Though looking back over “a century of dishonor,” the Indian Territory still seeks a place among your band.

Id.—Idaho, the “Gem of the Mountains,” comes with her motto of “Welcome!”

Wy.—Wyoming bids the sword yield to the ballot.

Mon.—Montana, watching the sunrise over her far hills, knows that “Westward the star of empire takes its way.”

Al.—From her far peninsula, wave-washed by two oceans, Alaska comes.

Ar.—From the sand-hills of Arizona, I bring you greeting.

U.—Utah, rich even in her misery, salutes you from her mines and fields.

Dak.—The name of Dakota gives a hint of her motto, “Liberty and Union.”

D. C.—Columbia, last of the band, seeks “Freedom for all.”

Recitation.—

OUR TRIBUTE.

O'er us the skies of the spring-time are bending,

Arching above us their tremulous blue;

O'er us one flag in its beauty is waving,

Back to the heavens reflecting their hue;

Starry-gemmed azure, and bands of the sunlight,

Bars of the moonlight, in silvery sheen:—

Chrism of blood for its deep consecration,

Baptism fearful by priesthood unseen.

Mustering bugle and thunder of cannon

Challenge the answering echoes no more;

Now on Death's camping-grounds meet we as brothers,

From the far West to the Orient shore.

'Neath the green tents with their curtains of grasses,

'Broidered with gold by the sun and the rain,

Rests there an army no bugle can rally,

Never reveille can summon again.

Call we the roll of the brave who have vanished—

Out from the silence no syllable comes!

Only an army of phantoms is gathered,

Marching in file to the beat of our drums.

Come we again with the guerdons of valor,
 Bring we a tribute, O comrades of ours!
 Roses and lilies we bear for our fallen,
 Garland their graves with our loveliest flowers.

RESPONSIVE SERVICE.

[*In unison.*]

“Bring flowers to strew again
 With fragrant purple rain
 Of lilacs, and with roses, white and red,
 The dwellings of our dead, our hero dead.

[*North*]

Yes, bring fresh flowers to strew the soldier’s grave,
 Whether he proudly lies
 Beneath our Northern skies,
 Or where the Southern palms their branches wave.”

[*In unison.*]

“Low down by the winding river,
 Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
 Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
 Asleep are the ranks of the dead.

[*North*]
 [*South*]

Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day,
 Under the laurels, the Blue,
 Under the willows, the Gray.

[*North*]
 [*South*]

These in the robings of glory.
 Those in the gloom of defeat.

[*In unison.*]

All with the battle-blood gory,
 In the dusk of eternity meet.

[*North*]
 [*South*]

Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day,
 Under the roses, the Blue,
 Under the lilies, the Gray.

[*South*]

No more shall war-cry sever,
 Nor the winding river grow red.
 Ye banish our anger forever
 When ye garland the graves of our dead.

[*In unison.*]

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day,
Tears and love for the Blue,
Love and tears for the Gray.”

“Then strew we once again,
With fragrant purple rain
Of lilacs, and with roses, white and red,
The dwellings of our dead, our hero dead.”

Singing.—

[*Air—“America.”*]

Over each soldier grave,
Gently the grasses wave,
The daisies creep.
Softly our songs we sing,
Emblems of hope we bring,
Verdure and bloom of spring
Brighten their sleep.

Wreathe we the violets blue,
Wet with the morning dew,
Sprays of the vine ;
Lay we our rarest flowers,
Treasures of woodland bowers,
Gifts of the sun and showers,
Low at the shrine.

Goddess of Liberty.—All honor to the brave who died for a cause which they believed to be right and just. Thank God for a united Fatherland. And yet, sounding through your rejoicings, and blended with your tributes of love and sorrow, I hear a long, sad wail. It tells me of a slavery of soul as well as of body ; of a tyrant who rules in this which we claim to be a government by the people. Are these things true ? Is it but a mockery for us to sing of America as “the land of the free and the home of the brave”?

Maine.—Nay, not so. “The time of redemption draweth nigh.” Some of us are already

free. Have you never heard of the Maine Law? Were you not told how grandly the voters of Maine declared that the state should be forever free from the tyrant of whom you speak?

Ill.—Who is this tyrant? If slavery still exists, and war is before us, the sons of Illinois are ready to fight for freedom.

Kan.—Kansas can answer your question. The tyrant is King Alcohol. He ruled us for many a year. But we have beaten and dethroned him, now, and, by God's help, we will keep him out of our fair state forever.

Ia.—Iowa bears the banner of the free! Her war-cry, "Down with King Alcohol," has rung out on many a battle-field, and *we* have driven out the tyrant. By the martyrs' blood that has been shed, we pledge ourselves to be forever free.

R. I.—Our anchor of "Hope" proves that "the people rule" in Rhode Island. Small as it is, the tyrant did not think our state beneath his notice. But we, too, drove him out, and we are bound to keep him out.

Ohio.—The true heart and soul of the people of Ohio are with you.

Mich.—The loyal men and women of Michigan, though beaten once, have but withdrawn a little space to prepare for a new campaign, in which victory will be wrested from defeat. With "God for us," we shall win at last.

Conn.—Down in Connecticut we have another battle-cry. The boys and girls are shouting it: "Tremble, King Alcohol! We shall grow up!"

N. H.—That is the kind of men and women we are making in New Hampshire.

Vt.—And in Vermont.

Tex.—We of the Southland are praying also

for "springs of water." By God's help and their help, we will, ere long, drive out and *drown* out the tyrant, Alcohol.

Tenn.—The graves we decorate to-day remind us of many a lonely grave on which no blossom falls, but over which bitter tears have been wept. Because of the graves thus filled by King Alcohol, Tennessee will banish him from her borders.

Ore.—The fight is on, in Oregon, and we "know no such word as fail."

Penn.—In order that "brotherly love" may "continue," we propose to banish King Alcohol from Pennsylvania.

W. Va.—And West Virginia soon will prove anew her right to her motto—"Mountaineers are always freemen."

S. C.—And when state after state has done thus, Illinois and California, and the others now bound hand and foot by this tyrant, will, by God's help, have strength by which to throw off their fetters. With our common schools, the land over, teaching the lesson that submission to this tyrant is a sin, with our boys and girls marching with jubilant step to the rallying cry of this new Crusade, what may we not expect to see in the morning of the twentieth century!

Side by side, in the war of the Revolution, South Carolina and Massachusetts fought for freedom. A little later, as representative states, we saw not eye to eye, the while each learned a lesson, though at bitter cost. To-day we clasp hands (*suiting action to word*) as devoted allies in this struggle. By the memory of our dead, by the love we bear our homes, by our common faith in the All-Father, North and South are one. And in this unity against a mutual and deadly foe,

we "pledge our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

Singing.—

"Ring the Temperance Bells." (*Marching Songs for Young Crusaders.*)

DECORATION DAY.

KATE L. BROWN.

Recitation.

Against the skies of evening
A giant form appears,
With stern gaze glancing backward
Adown the flood of years.

His brow is fixed and gloomy,
His eye, a kindled brand;
The cruel ax of battle
Is clenched in his right hand.

The south wind brings in passing
A murmur from afar,
Like roar of distant billows,
The mighty tide of war.

From waste of dreary Northland,
From marsh and dismal fen,
Down fertile Southlands pouring,
Comes rush of armed men.

Beneath the Roman eagles
They shout their frenzied cry;
The roar and crush of battle
Mounts to the startled sky;

And crimson blood is welling
 Beneath the dagger's thrust,
 Barbarian and Roman
 Smite each the common dust.

O years of weary struggle!
 Your sky has lost its blue,
 And sweet, wild flowers are crimsoned
 By tide of ruddy hue.

From smoke of ruined homestead
 Ascends the orphan's cry;
 Is there no hand of saving,
 No pity from on high?

* * * *

Out of the blackness of the dreary past,
 Out of its shameful gloom and troubled night,
 Like healing blessedness to man, there steals
 One soft, pure light.

And prophet voices speak in holy words
 From out the silence of full many a grave;
 They tell of valiant souls who yielded life
 Their land to save.

Around the altar fires of Freedom's night,
 All angry strife, and hatred, too, must cease;
 The clouds of war must lift, and man shall hear
 The song of Peace.

Above those forms now locked in dreamless sleep
 God's grasses spring, His greenest mosses creep.

Over them bend the spring skies warm in hue,
 Blue-flecked with cloud, and cloud-word set with
 blue.

Over them falls the kiss of spring sunbeam,
 A requiem low sings every flowing stream.

Over their holy dust the flag shall wave,
 And tears of grateful love gem every grave.

Flower Exercise.

[For eight younger pupils.]

I.

I am Arbutus, rosy-flushed of face;

Once long ago, on Plymouth heights I lay,
And cheered the pilgrims' heart with my sweet
grace;

I come the first for Decoration Day.

II.

I am the Wind-flower trembling on my stem,

Where forest aisles take on spring's tender hue;
My step is first, I lead the floral way
'Neath fair sunbeam, and rain of fairy dew.

III.

With smiling faces lifted to the sky,

Among the grass the Dandelions glow,
Dear, common flowers that bless the humblest way,
And shine for us like little stars below.

IV.

And like a breath of sweetness from the sod,

Comes a low murmur where the Violets lie:
"We bring our fragrance for the martyr dead,"
We hear their wistful voices gently sigh.

V.

Wake-robin springs beside the river bank,

The Cowslip spreads her cup in meadows low.
And dainty Bloodroot stands in purest white,—
To deck those sacred graves they, too, would go.

VI.

Dear Saxifrage leaps from her rockbound home,
Hepatica shakes out her pale blue gown,
In gold and scarlet from the near hillside,
The Columbine is lightly tripping down.

VII.

Beneath the shadow of her broad, green leaf,
 The Lily of the Valley swings her bells,
 And incense stealeth for the valiant dead,
 For their departed souls she peals her knells.

VIII.

And all green things and flowers do gladly spring,
 And skies are blue, and radiant sunbeams play,
 And hatred turns to love—the world is mete
 To bring its gifts for Decoration Day.

Concert Exercise.

Blue and gold, blue and gold,
 Out of the dark earth's sheltering fold;
 Rose and white, rose and white,
 Spring the flowerets up to the light.

[*Section 1.*]

What is your mission, flowers, to-day?

[*Section 2.*]

Listen, their tiny voices say:

[*In Unison.*]

“We are sweetness for by-gone years,
 Joy for sorrow and smiles for tears.”

Blushing red, blushing red,
 O'er the green earth was their life blood shed;
 Washed is that blood in the tears of even,
 Calm is our land in the smile of Heaven;
 War is ended, the slave is free,
 Our flag is waving from sea to sea.

Recitation.

There is a darker giant in the land,
 A deadlier foe than War—
 A subtle foe, his touch is everywhere.

No place, however sacred, still is free from him;
 He comes oftentimes like one in angel guise,
 And says, "Be merry, please thyself,
 And drink the cup of pleasure to the brim."
 He smites the strong man in his hour of pride,
 He blights fair youth in all its glowing spring.
 But there was One who met this tempting power,
 And sternly bade him, "Get thee thus behind—"
 One soul, even Christ, who would not yield to Sin.
 And sounding down the years we hear that voice:
 "Rise up, my valiant soldiers, *conquer* Sin,
 Yield not to Passion, nor to self's fond claim;
 Keep thou thy spirit and thy body pure,
 Till thou, Life's battle ended, stand with me
 Victorious, on the shining hills of God."



OUR GLORIOUS LAND.

A Fourth of July Exercise.

E. L. BENEDICT.

[A company of boys and girls enter, with flags, flutes, and drums, keeping step to the tune, "Red, White and Blue," which is played in brisk time. The music changes when they have taken position, and all sing jubilantly—]

"My country, 'tis of thee,—"

[Enter a girl carrying a small child in her arms, and leading another by the hand, — all shabbily dressed. These walk slowly, apart from the others, while the girl sings, to the same tune, in slower time—]

We're hungry and alone,
 Oh! give us just a bone,
 Or crust of bread.

Our father stays away,
 He went to jail, they say,
 For drinking, yesterday,
 And mother's dead.

[The music quickens again, and the boys and girls sing gayly—]

“ My native country, thee,—”

[Enter eight or ten boys and girls, who follow the girl with the two children. They are dressed to represent bootblacks, newsboys, cash boys and girls. They sing; music softer and slower—]

With bare and weary feet,
With scarce enough to eat,
We toil all day.

The rum-power in its might
Has come our lives to blight,
Oh ! must we in this plight
Be left alway ?

[First company sings, with less spirit than at first—]

“ Let music swell the breeze,—”

[All sing together—]

“ Our fathers’ God, to Thee,
Author of Liberty,”

[The first company gradually lower their voices, and the second increase in volume, until the end of third line, when the first is silent, and the second sing, with increasing strength, but retarding time,—]

To Thee we cry.
In pity look, we pray,
Upon our grief to-day,
Oh ! take this curse away
Before we die.

[All together sing, softly and slowly, the first verse as they march off the platform—]

“ My country, ’ tis of thee,—”

Recitation.—

THEIR FOE AND OURS.

Who or what was the enemy,
In those old colonial days,—
When Washington and Putnam fought
Those “ Revolution ” frays ?

What was it made our forefathers
 So angry,—and so brave
 That many and many a man of them
 His best blood freely gave?

Why, 'twas because the English sought
 To take away our rights ;
 To have us make the cake, while they
 Took all the biggest bites.

All honor to our patriot sires,
 Heroes they were, indeed.
 Now we the full ripe harvest reap
 For which they sowed the seed.

Man was not made for slavery,
 God meant him to be free.
 And "free and equal" is our creed,
 Whate'er one's race may be.

But are we sure that slavery
 Has wholly passed away ?
 Are there not those whose life-blood, hearts,
 And souls are "bound" to-day ?

Look at that tottering, drunken man,
 Ask him if he is free.
 He'll tell you when he's sober, that
 He's chained in slavery.

The chain that binds him, hand and foot,
 Is appetite for rum,
 And th' liquor-seller is the man
 By whom that chain has come.

Go north, go south, go east, go west,
 And count, until your brain
 Is numbed with counting, those who wear
 The liquor-seller's chain.

This is the foe that we must fight,—
 A foe with heart like Cain,
 Who dares to kill his fellow-men
 With drink, for sake of gain.

He says he has the right to sell
 To all who want to buy,
 But when his "right" brings others *wrong*,
 We then that right deny.

God grant that *reason* soon may bring
 This traffic to an end,
 If not,—then count no Legioner
 The liquor-seller's friend.

We pray that counsels wise and kind
 Prevail, instead of strife.
 If not,—each loyal boy and girl
 Is ready with his life.

OUR ROLL OF HONOR.

[A frame inclosing a large sheet of strong manilla paper is placed in the center of the platform. On one side sits a tall boy dressed to personate "Uncle Sam," on the other a girl personating "Miss Columbia." The words, "Roll of Honor," in large, ornamental letters, are placed at the top of the frame and a number of adhesive suspension hooks are arranged in rows or groups, over the surface of the manilla paper. On these are to be hung fancy placards containing the names and titles given below.

The children form in line, each with a placard in hand, and march across the platform to the music of some national tune. As each comes to the Honor Roll he, or she, hangs the card upon the hook, previously assigned. (It may be arranged so that the taller children hang the higher cards, the shorter ones, the lower.) Both the large frame and the cards may be bordered with flowers and evergreens, and otherwise decorated. Additions or subtractions may be made to or from the following list, according to taste or circumstances.]

GEORGE WASHINGTON, *The Father of His Country.*

PATRICK HENRY, *The Patriot Orator.*

THOMAS JEFFERSON, *Author of the Declaration of Independence.*

ELI WHITNEY, *The Inventor of the Cotton Gin.*

ROBERT FULTON, *The Steamboat Builder.*

JOHN C. FREMONT, *The Pathfinder of the Rockies.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, *The Martyred Emancipator.*

ULYSSES S. GRANT, *The Defender of His Country.*

LOUIS AGASSIZ, *The Christian Scientist.*

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, *The Poet of Nature.*

HENRY BERGH, *The Friend of the Brute Creation.*

THOMAS W. EDISON, *The Great Electrician.*

MRS. LUCY B. HAYES, *An Example to All.*

JOHN P. ST. JOHN, *Our Honored Leader.*

CLINTON B. FISK, *Our Standard-Bearer.*

FRANCES E. WILLARD, *God's Chosen Hand-maid, "For God and Home and Native Land."*

[When the last name has been hung, Uncle Sam and Miss Columbia rise and pass to the roll. After looking at it a moment, the former places a tiny flag over the names of Washington, Lincoln and Grant, while Miss Columbia places one over Mrs. Hayes and another one over Miss Willard.

An interesting climax to this part of the exercise would be a burst of tin horns, bells, fire-crackers and the Fourth of July noises, from somewhere behind the scenes (or underneath a window outside). In the midst of this, Uncle Sam and Miss Columbia bow and retire, and as it dies away, the music strikes up "Star-spangled Banner," which the audience join in singing.]

THE NATION'S DIRGE.

[A company wearing crape, with muffled drum, and flag at half-mast, march slowly in, singing—]

Mourn for the dead and the dying,
 Join in the sad refrain,
 Over the beer-seller's victims,—
 Mourn for the thousands slain.
 Lower the Nation's proud emblem,
 Down at half-mast let it wave,
 Thousands beneath it are falling
 Into the drunkard's grave.

Many a slave in his fetters,
 Sighing to be set free,
 Groans 'neath our star-spangled banner,
 Emblem of liberty.

Millions with grief-stricken faces
 Heavenward turning to-day,
 Cry to the Father in anguish,
 "Save us from rum, we pray."

Weep for the sad and despairing,
 Mourn for the thousands slain,
 Sing low the dirge of a nation,
 Join in the sad refrain.

THE NATION'S HOPE.

[As these march out the music gradually brightens, and over the platform march two companies of the Loyal Temperance Legion; from one side, enter the boys, with flags flying, fifes and drums, and, from the opposite direction, the girls, with white ribbons, and W. C. T. U. banners. While marching and countermarching, both companies sing with spirit—]

COMING BY-AND-BY.

"A better day is coming,
 A morning promised long,
 When girded Right with holy Might
 Shall overthrow the Wrong;
 When God, the Lord, will listen
 To every plaintive sigh,
 And stretch His hand o'er every land
 With justice by-and-by.

CHO.—Coming by-and-by,
 Coming by-and-by,
 The better day is coming,
 The morning draweth nigh.
 Coming by-and-by,
 Coming by-and-by,
 The welcome dawn will hasten on,
 'Tis coming by-and-by.

"The boast of haughty Error
 No more will fill the air,
 But age and youth will love the Truth
 And spread it everywhere.
 No more from want and sorrow
 Will come the helpless cry;
 And strife will cease, and perfect peace
 Will flourish by-and-by.

CHO.—Coming by-and-by.

" Oh ! for that holy dawning,
 We watch and wait and pray,
 Till o'er the height the morning light
 Shall drive the gloom away;
 And when the heavenly glory
 Shall flood the earth and sky,
 We'll bless the Lord for all His word,
 And praise Him, by-and-by."

CHO.—Coming by-and-by.



THE FALLEN KINGDOM.

NETTIE H. PELHAM.

Time required, thirty minutes.

CHARACTERS.

KING ALCOHOL.

HERALD.

KING'S PAGES, *two or three little boys.*

COURT MUSICIANS, *three or more young men.*

ROYAL SUBJECTS, *ladies and gentlemen, ten or more.*

KING'S SLAVES.

TEMPERANCE, *young lady.*

FAIRY, *young lady.*

FOLLOWERS OF TEMPERANCE, *ladies and gentlemen, ten or more.*

King Alcohol is dressed in scarlet and gold, with mantle thrown over one shoulder; gold crown on head, and scepter in hand.

Herald wears blue coat trimmed with gold, white pants.

Pages wear black pants, black coats, with collar, cuffs and revers of orange.

Court Musicians have scarlet pants, black coats, with collars, cuffs and revers of white, and use any musical instrument, as violin, guitar, etc.

Royal Subjects should have costumes as rich and bright as possible.

King's Slaves are clothed in rags.

Temperance wears a white dress and carries a banner inscribed "Down with Alcohol!"

Fairy is in black, with jet crown on head; black lace draped from crown around shoulders.

[The scene represented is the interior of the King's palace. At one side of platform, throne on which King is seated, Pages grouped behind him. At the other side, Musicians grouped playing. The whole should be made as rich and gorgeous as possible.]

King.—Vast and mighty is the kingdom

*Where I hold the sovereign power,
And my rule grows firmer, stronger,
With the lapse of every hour.*

*There is splendor in my palace,
Thro' each window sunlight falls,
Lighting up a rainbow glory
'Mongst the jewels on the walls.*

*I have acres yet unnumbered,
Acres of the richest land;
And my Subjects, gathered 'round me,
Ever wait at my command.*

*Subjects, ah, I have so many,
Thousands, thousands wait my call,
Thousands gladly offer homage
To the great King Alcohol.*

*Yes, there's splendor in my palace
And my realm, for miles around;
Only on its distant outskirts,
Sin and want and woe abound.*

*There, my Subjects dwell in hovels,
Slaves but to my mighty will,
Ready at my slightest bidding,
Slaves, but loyal Subjects still.*

*They have sworn to me, allegiance,
I will hold them ever fast,
And, when foes attack my kingdom,
They shall battle to the last.*

*I can keep none but the fairest
Here, within my palace walls,
Ready at my every bidding,
Answering to my many calls.*

I must have no sights of horror
 In my royal palace, here,
 Lest my new-found Subjects, seeing,
 Shall be filled with thoughts of fear.

It must be but sights of beauty
 That my latest Subjects see,
 Or they hasten from my kingdom
 Ere I make them slaves to me.

Merry youths and lovely maidens
 In my palace now are found,
 And, whene'er I wave my scepter,
 Gladly do they cluster 'round.

(*Waves scepter.*)

[Enter Subjects, from right and left, singing.]

(Air—“Hail Columbia.”)

Hail, ch hail, King Alcohol !
 We are ready at thy call.
 We'll dwell within thy lovely land,
 We'll dwell within thy lovely land.
 And in thy palace, gracious King,
 Our happy songs we'll ever sing.

Let many mighty foes assail,
 Never will our brave troops quail.
 Ever strength in number lies,
 Let us every foe despise ;
 Firm, united let us stand,
 Rallying at our King's command.
 In thy palace, gracious King,
 Happy songs we'll ever sing.

King.—Staunch, indeed, are the defenders,
 Well they guard my kingdom here,
 I should wield my royal scepter,
 Undisturbed by idle fear.

Stronger than the strongest nations,
 We could meet their strength combined ;
 In my brave and loyal Subjects,
 Perfect safety I should find.

Tho' the fiercest foe assail me,
 None shall crush my kingdom down,
 None shall snatch from me my scepter,
 Or my gleaming golden crown.

(*To Musicians*).

Give us, then, your blithest music,
 Sweet as when gay song-birds sing,
 Let the strains, so light and airy,
 Thro' the royal palace ring.

Then away with dull forebodings,
 Banish care from out the place ;
 Let the music, glad and merry,
 Impress leave on every face.

(*Musicians play merry air.*)

Leave me for a time, my Subjects,
 Leave me while I meditate
 On the future wealth and glory
 Of my kingdom, rich and great.

[*The Subjects pass out.*]

(*King rests head on hand as if thinking. Enter King's Slaves.*)

Slave.—We have ventured here, O Master,
 Ventured in your Palace-place ;
 Hoping thus to gain a favor,
 We have sought your royal Grace.

Once we dwelt within your palace,
 Once we dwelt with you, our King,
 Once we sang the merry music
 That your latest Subjects sing.

We have served you long, O Master,
 Served you long, and served you well,
 But you turned us from your palace,
 And in hovels, now, we dwell.

On your mighty kingdom's outskirts,
 In the vile lowlands of shame,
 There you bade us make our dwellings,
 But we serve you, King, the same.

Take us back, O royal Master,
 Let us dwell, as once before,
 'Midst the wealth and 'midst the splendor
 Found within the palace door.

King.—Go ! I bid you leave my palace,
 Seek the hovels where you dwell,
 Tho' I call you, still, my Subjects,
 Yet I call you slaves as well.

Think you that you are fit objects,
 Thus to seek my palace door ?
 Go ! I bid you seek the outskirts,
 Go, and dwell there evermore.

[*Exit Slaves, with bowed heads.*]

Tho' I drive them from my palace,
 Their allegiance will not fail,
 They will help to guard the outskirts,
 Should an enemy assail.

Yet, at times, there comes a vision
 Even midst the splendor, here,
 That has wrung my heart with anguish
 And has filled my mind with fear.

Often, often I have seen it,
 Here within this very room.
 Can it be it is prophetic
 Of some swiftly coming doom ?

Once again, it is before me,
 Frightful menace on my wall
 Where the spectral hand has written,
 "Woe to Thee, King Alcohol !"

[*A curtain at back of platform is slowly drawn, disclosing hand pointing to warning. "WOE TO THEE, KING ALCOHOL !" Back-ground should be pale gray; warning written in large red letters; hand and arm draped in misty white.*]

[*Enter Herald, running.*]

Herald.—A foe has entered at your gate !
 A foe that came with mighty name,
 With forces strong and great.

A foe who softly entered in,
 Who slyly crept while strong guards slept
 Before the gate of Sin.
 A foe who swears to conquer all,
 Who bears in hand a banner grand
 Marked, "Down with Alcohol!"
 A foe by fearless woman led.
 Like Joan of Arc she makes her mark,
 Your bravest troops have fled.

King.—Who has dared invade my kingdom,
 Dared to prophesy its fall,
 Dared to lift a mighty banner
 Blazoned, "Down with Alcohol"?

And you tell me 'tis a woman
 Who has led her forces here,
 While the troops that I have trusted
 Flee away in craven fear!

Cowards! frightened by a woman!
 I can scarce believe it so;
 Scarce believe my trusted soldiers
 Quail before this woman foe.

Yet 'tis only for a moment,
 They will rally once again.
 Bid the drummer in the court-yard,
 Beat his loudest martial strain;

Let my troops, in haste, make ready
 For a conflict sharp and long.
 They must meet this mighty army
 With an onslaught fierce and strong.

[*Exit Herald.*]

(*Looking away toward one side.*)

I can see the foe advancing
 With a measured, even tread.
 Men and women form the army.
 Yes, a woman is ahead.

Oh, to think my trusted soldiers,
 Who have won in conflicts great,
 Should stand back and let a woman
 Lead her forces thro' the gate!

(*Sound of marching. King seems to listen.*)

Now I hear them in the palace,
 Louder, louder sounds the tread.
 Must I, must I yield my kingdom
 To a foe by woman led ?

[*Temperance and her followers singing outside.*]

(Air—“Battle Cry of Freedom.”)

We will rally 'round the flag
 That our leader holds in hand,
 Shouting the battle-cry of Temperance ;
 We are ready now to battle
 For our 'Homes and Native Land,'
 Shouting the battle-cry of Temperance.

CHO.—Temperance forever, hurrah ! then, hurrah !
 Down with the traitor to God and to law !
 We will rally 'round the flag, we will
 rally once again,
 Shouting the battle-cry of Temperance.

King.—O my troops, my troops, where are you ?
 Will you leave me in my need ?
 Shall the foe who seeks my downfall,
 In her plans at last succeed ?

[*Enter Temperance and her followers.*]

Temperance.—Aye, call your scattered forces,
 It shall avail you naught ;
 Their victories, now, are over
 And all their battles fought.

You held the sovereign power
 In a kingdom rich and vast,
 You heaped your gaping coffers,
 Great wealth have you amassed.

But every golden dollar
 Is heavy with a curse :
 Each could a tale of sorrow
 To human ear rehearse.

Yes, each could tell of anguish,
 Of sad and grieving wives,
 Of happy homes now wretched,
 And ruined, blasted lives.

Could tell of sorrowing mothers,
 Whose hearts are wrung with fears,
 Before whom, lies a future
 Of dreary, hopeless years.

[*Lady followers of Temperance sing.]*

(Air—“Nothing But Leaves.”)

Nothing but tears and gloomy fears
 O'er loved ones ruined fast;
 O'er folds wherein the robber crept
 And took our lambs while shepherds slept,
 And left us at the last,
 Nothing but tears! nothing but tears!

Temperance.—Come hither now, my fairy,
 Your magic art employ
 To show what change this king has
 made
 In many homes of joy.

Look, O King, upon the sorrow,
 On the ruin you have wrought.
 Know that all your wealth and
 splendor,
 With a nation's tears was bought.

(*Fairy steps forward.*)

Draw aside, O mystic portals,
 Show a home like Eden, fair,
 Ere the blighting curse had touched it,
 Or the serpent entered there.

Show us, first, the happy childhood,
 Ere this King had seen the boy,
 And had changed to bitter sorrow
 All that mother's hope and joy.

Near him stands a guardian angel,
 Seeking safe to guard and guide
 From the many great temptations
 Lurking now on every side.

[*Curtain, at back, is slowly drawn,
 disclosing mother with little boy
 at her side. In background angel
 stands, with hands extended, as
 if in blessing. A white light
 increases effect.]*

See him, next, when he is tempted
 By a subject of this King,
 While adown the vanished ages,
 Hear the words of warning ring:

"Look not thou upon the wine-cup,"
 Is the mandate heaven gave.
 None who heed, need fear the bondage
 Suffered by the Rum King's slave.

But the youth heeds not the warning
 And the angel turns away,
 Knowing that her guardian power
 Will grow weaker, day by day.

[Curtain is again drawn, showing
 young man, at whose side stands
 a richly-dressed young lady offer-
 ing a wine-glass; in background
 an angel stands with hand out-
 stretched, as if to arrest the glass.
 Young man takes glass and
 raises it to his lips, the angel
 drops her hand and turns away.]

Now I see the mother praying,
 Pleading with her wayward son,
 Seeking yet to draw him backward
 From the course he has begun.

But the King has sent his subject
 And no victim can resist.
 Oh, the angel's form grows fainter,
 Seen as thro' a cloudy mist.

Downward paths are trod so swiftly
 When the way is once begun,
 That the King's work soon is over
 And his victim soon is won.

For I see the drunken quarrel,
 See the keen knife gleam in air,
 While the youth's flushed face grows
 ghastly
 In its terror and despair.

Once again the vision changes
 And, where snow-white columns loom,
 I can see the weeping mother
 Kneeling by her darling's tomb.

There is naught that she can hope for ;
 There is naught to check her tears ;
 She can find no source of comfort
 In the dreary coming years.

For she knows this awful warning
 In the sacred Book is given,
 "That no drunkard e'er shall enter
 Thro' the blessed gates of heaven."

Yet a hundred thousand pictures
 Sadder far than I have shown,
 Could not show one-half the ruin
 Wrought by him upon the throne.

(Points toward King.)

Temperance.—But your reign at last is over.
 Nevermore shall victim cower;
 Nevermore earth's feeble children
 Languish in your cruel power.

For we find you in a palace,
 Seated on a gilded throne,
 But your vaunted troops have left you,
 Left their king to fight alone.

King.—Yes, my troops, 'tis true, have left me ;
 Left the king they've served so long.
 I must yield my mighty kingdom
 To your army, vast and strong.

You can drive me from my palace,
 You can crush my kingdom down,
 You can snatch from me my scepter,
 You can take my golden crown.

But you can not hide the traces
 That shall show my presence here,
 For, like mile-stones, they are scattered
 Thro' my kingdom far and near ;

And my heart is still rejoicing
 O'er the ruin I have wrought.
 For my victims far outnumber
 Those of Earth's great battles fought.

Thus I yield to you my kingdom,
 Yield the scepter that I hold,
 Yield to you my wealth and splendor,
 Yield my gleaming crown of gold.

[*Flings crown and scepter at feet of Temperance.*]

But the monument I've builded,
 Never shall be known to fall,
 It shall stand a great reminder
 Of the reign of Alcohol.

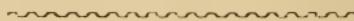
[*Exit King and pages.*]

[*Temperance and her followers sing.*]

(Air—“The Red, White and Blue.”)

Oh, our long, weary conflict has ended,
 We have won in the struggle, at last;
 The star of our foe has descended,
 The days of his glory are past.
 Then bid all our people assemble
 To join in the grand jubilee.
 No more need the weak mother tremble,
 At last, are her loved children free.

CHO.—At last, are her loved children free,
 At last, are her loved children free,
 No more need the weak mother tremble;
 At last are her loved children free.



OLD-TIME CHRISTMAS.

ALICE M. GUERNSEY.

[Characters: A group of boys and girls, each wearing the L. T. L. badge. Some are writing, others looking over various books, and still others are in animated conversation. Enter George and Harry.]

Harry.—“The top of the morning,” to you all! I thought this meeting was to plan for Christmas decorations. You don’t seem in a very decorative mood.

Geo.—What in the world are you doing with books and pencils? I believe you’ve made a mistake, and think this is a school day.

Kate.—Well, if you’ll stop your chattering long enough to let anybody else speak, we’ll rise to explain.

Harry (with a low bow).—Proceed, Madame-Kate.

Kate.—Well, sir, most of us, at least, can speak for ourselves. I am looking up the history of church decorations—trying to find some new ideas from the Middle Ages and mediæval customs.

Will.—And I'm in the midst of an elaborate calculation as to the number of yards of ever-green rope that it will require to festoon this room.

Nellie.—And I'm learning the prices of the velvet letters that we want for some of our mottoes.

Geo.—Bravo! I'll admit *you're* at work. But these people over here in the corner (*moving toward them*) are only talking—as usual!

Fred.—*As usual!* That's good from you, the greatest talker in school! But see here, George, we *are* talking of sensible and necessary things, and you and Harry are just the boys we want to see.

Geo. (bowing).—At your service, gentlemen and ladies. Harry, come over here. You're wanted!

Harry (who has been watching Will's figuring).—Thanks. I come at once. But it's such an unusual experience to me to be told that I am wanted, that my feelings overcome me, and I fear I shall be of little service to you. Lottie, here (*pulling his sister's curls*), said only this morning, “Oh, run away, Harry, we don't want you! You'll spoil everything.”

Lottie.—Well, I'd like to know if that is n't the proper thing to say at Christmas time! You just *can't* have folks round when you're making presents for—somebody else.

Fred (amid a general laugh).—Of course not, Lottie. It's time Harry learned that his sister knows what she is about. But we must talk business. George, will you and Harry get the evergreen? You know just where to go, and can have the use of a team.

Geo.—I'll go, if Harry will.

Harry.—All right! When do you want it?

Louis.—Next Wednesday evening. We're going to meet here, then, to make the wreaths and so on. And one thing more, Hal. We've been talking about getting some folks in for our Christmas exercises who don't very often come, and we'll have some good lessons ready for them. Now, there's Mr. Hale lives out near you. Will you try to bring him?

Harry.—Mr. Hale? I don't know who—why, you don't mean Bill Hale, who drinks so dreadfully?

Louis.—The very one! And you are the boy to bring him, too, for I heard him say once, "That Harry Lansing is a fine young fellow!"

Harry.—I know he thinks considerable of me. You see he was a schoolmate of my father, and father's told me so much about what a splendid fellow he used to be, and what a grand man he'd make if it was n't for drink, that I always feel like pitying and helping him. Well, I'll try. Maybe I can get him to come. But what about the lessons? I don't see how you can put any temperance into Christmas.

Florence.—That's where you're mistaken, young man. We've been looking up the old-time Christmas and comparing it with the present, and we can show a wonderful temperance gain, for one thing.

Lottie.—Yes, I should say so. Hear this from

a carol of the thirteenth century, the oldest Christmas carol known (*reads*) :

“ Each must drain his cup of wine,
And I the first will toss off mine :
 Thus I advise.
Here then I bid you all *Wassail*,
Cursed be he who will not say, *Drinkhail*.”

Louis.—An old song of two hundred years later praises the boar's head, which was brought in with a flourish of trumpets and formed the first course, and then adds :

“ Then comes in the second course with great pride,
The cranes, the herons, the bitterns, by their side,
The partridges, the plovers, the woodcocks, and the
snipe,
Larks in hot show, for the ladies to pick,
Good drink, also, luscious and fine,
Blood of Allemaine, romnay and wine.
Good brewed ale and wine, I dare well say.”

Fred.—And I found this from an old Christmas drinking song of the sixteenth century :

“ Bring us in no brown bread, for that is made of bran ;
Nor bring us in no white bread, for that is only grain,
But bring in good ale.”

Nellie.—Once in awhile there was a gleam of something better in these carols. Here is a bit as true now as it was then :

“ Ale makes a man to draw his knife ;
Ale makes a man to cause great strife ;
And ale makes a man to beat his wife.”

Kate.—In the time of Queen Elizabeth there was much more ceremony, but drinking went on just the same. The carols tell about “ good bread and good drink,” and how “ in their cups their cares are drowned.”

Will.—One of the best carols celebrates the bringing in of the Yule-log on Christmas Eve :

“ Come, bring with a noise,
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing.”

And then it spoils it by adding,

“ While my good dame, she
Bids ye all be free,
And drink to your heart’s desiring.”

Harry.—I’ll give up ! You’ll get temperance lessons into Christmas fast enough, I see. Whew ! Just think of such things now !

Geo.—Think of them now ? We just could n’t stand it, that’s all. Talk about heredity ! No wonder men become drunkards so quickly nowadays, with such a line of drinking ancestors behind them ! But that missionary idea of yours is a capital one. I’ll undertake to *try* to get John More to come, with his wife and children.

All (clapping their hands).—Good ! good !

Louis.—And now if there’s nothing more for this meeting to do, I move we adjourn till next Wednesday evening, at 7 o’clock *sharp*. All in favor please say Aye.

(General chorus of ayes.)

Sunday-School Exercises.

CHILDREN'S DAY.—I.

ARRANGED BY ALICE M. GUERNSEY.

Opening Song.

Responsive Scripture Reading.—

Leader.—The flowers appear on the earth.

Response.—The time of the singing of birds is come.

Leader.—Let them make me a sanctuary, that I may dwell among them.

Response:—And I will make the place of my feet glorious.

Leader.—This is none other than the house of God.

Response.—The glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon.

Leader.—Those that be planted in the house of the Lord, shall flourish in the courts of our God.

Response.—He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season ; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

Leader.—Bring my sons from far, and my daughters from the ends of the earth.

Response.—All thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children.

Leader.—It shall be said unto them, Ye are the sons of the living God.

Response.—That our daughters may be as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace.

Leader.—Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth.

Response.—I will make thee an eternal excellency, the joy of many generations.

Leader.—Thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not.

Response.—With everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer.

Leader.—As for our Redeemer, the Lord of Hosts is His name, the Holy One of Israel.

Response.—For the mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee.

Leader.—Break forth into singing, ye mountains, O forest and every tree therein.

Response.—For as the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth, so the Lord God will cause righteousness to spring forth before all the nations.

Prayer.

Hymn: “Growing Up for Jesus.” (Epworth Hymnal.)

Recitation.—

HOW THE LAUREL WENT TO CHURCH.

When the pink of the Sabbath morning
 Began to blush through the gray,
 “Well is it,” said child Reinie,
 “That I praise the Lord to-day.

" But in the solemn minster
 I seem so weak and small,
 And my voice in the flood of singing,
 Makes scarce a ripple at all.

" Oh, I would praise and praise Him
 So gladly, if I could !"
 Then a sweet thought came to cheer her,
 And she started for the wood.

" I'll seek the loveliest blossom
 Of all the world," said she,
 " And set that in the minster,
 To praise the Lord for me."

On tripped she, past the daisies,
 And the star-flowers of the grass ;
 The dewy brier-roses
 Did her little bare feet pass ;

They twinkled over the mosses,
 They crushed the clinging fern ;
 Beside the singing brooklet
 They did not rest or turn,

Till they reached a deep, dim hollow
 In the very heart of the wood :
 And there, all in his beauty,
 The great King Laurel stood !

His pink-white crown upon him,
 And his robe of glossy green :
 In the wood was not another
 So royal to be seen.

Right glad, then, was child Reinie,
 And she laughed out in her glee :
 " This laurel shall go to the minster
 To praise the Lord for me."

So he went to the solemn minster,
 And, by the altar-place,
 All day long to the people
 Smiled in his royal grace.

And in her heart, child Reinie
 All day long sang in glee :
 "Oh, glad am I, the great King Laurel
 Will praise the Lord for me ! "

— *Wide-Awake.*

Recitation.—

CHILDREN AND FLOWERS.

The birds are singing gaily,
 In meadow and in glen,
 To tell the happy children
 Summer has come again.

The gay, green grass comes creeping
 So soft beneath their feet ;
 The frogs begin to ripple
 A music clear and sweet.

And buttercups are coming,
 And scarlet columbine,
 And in the sunny meadows,
 The dandelions shine.

And just as many daisies
 As their soft hands can hold,
 The little ones may gather,
 All fair in white and gold.

Here blows the warm, red clover,
 There peeps the violet blue.
 O happy little children !
 God made them all for you.

— *Celia Thaxter. (Adapted.)*

Reading.—

A WELCOME TO SUMMER.

Comes a new Princess to hearts that are waiting,
 Eager with welcome her coming to greet.
 Down by the shore of the silvery waters,
 List to the tread of her beautiful feet.
 Princess, indeed, of the truest blood-royal,
 Stately her bearing, as fitting her line;
 Homage we bring to her, hearts that are loyal
 Kneel as one kneels at a hallowing shrine.

What shall we bring her as gifts for adorning,
 Princess appareled so wondrously fair?
 Seems it the whisper of pines in the gloaming?
 'Tis but the sweep of her shadowy hair.
 Broidered her robe with the flowers of the valley,
 Clovers, and daisies, and buttercups sweet,
 Bordered with violets, dainty and tender,
 Starry-eyed blossoms, for princesses meet.

Fays of the forest, come forth at our bidding,
 Come with your treasures of shimmer and sheen!
 Fashion a crown of your sun-lighted jewels,
 Such as becometh the brow of a queen.
 Spread her a carpet of velvety grasses—
 Woven apace in the loom of the Spring—
 Summon the wandering breeze as it passes,
 Perfume of leafage and blossoms to bring.

Out from the realm of the golden Hereafter,
 Sent by His hand whom the seasons obey,
 Bearing His signet as symbol and token,
 Takes the fair Summer her queendom to-day.
 Dim through the mist of the years that are vanished,
 Palm-crowned immortals her coming await,
 Breathing warm blessings and earnest God-speedings,
 Now as she stands at life's Beautiful Gate.

What shall we bring her, this Princess beloved?
 Wide-open hearts for her sunshine and showers;
 Pulses that throb with her rhythmical rapture;
 Thanks for her largess of music and flowers.
 Souls that can look through her leafage and blossom
 Into the land that is fairer than day,
 Praising the Summer's All-bountiful Giver,
 King above kings, whom the angels obey.

Song.—

CHILD BLOSSOMS.

Air—"Let the Saviour In." (Gospel Choir.)

Church of God, thy doors swing wide,
Let the children in.

Christ doth in their hearts abide,
Let the children in.

Crowned with blossoms of the spring,
Love's rich offering now they bring,
And their songs of praises sing ;
Let the children in.

Life's young blossoms, pure and sweet,
Let the children in,
Lay they at the Master's feet,
Let the children in.

For the heavenly Gardener waits
Tribute from these fair estates,
Open wide His garden gates,
Let the children in.

Recitation.—

DANDELIONS.

At the Sky's wide gates Earth waited,
Famished and cold,
With eager, outstretched palms,
To catch the Sun's bright alms
Of scattered gold.

And the Sun went to his coffers,
As a king may do,
And out of his heaps of gold,
All that his hands could hold,
Broadcast he threw.

Threw yellow, golden guineas,
A rain of them,
Over her pale, green gown,
Showering thickly down
From throat to hem.

And, Oh, how the little children
Laughed out to see
That with this shining mass
Of dandelions, the grass
So bright could be !

I saw them this morning, going
 Their ways to school,
 And of this coin of the Sun
 Had every happy one
 His both hands full.

—Clara Doty Bates.

Recitation.—

THE REASON WHY.

O happy birds among the boughs,
 And silver, tinkling brook below !
 Why are you glad,
 Though skies are sad ?
 "Ah ! would you, would you know ?"
 A pleasant song to me replied ;
 "For some one else we sing,
 And that is why the woodlands wide
 With rapture 'round us ring !"

O daisies crowding all the fields,
 And twinkling grass, and buds that grow !
 Each glance you greet
 With smile so sweet !

And why ?—" Ah ! would you know ?"
 Their beauty to my heart replied ;
 "For some one else we live ;
 And nothing in this world so wide
 Is sweeter than to give !" —St. Nicholas.

Recitation and Song.—

LITTLE VIOLET-ROOT.

Little Violet-root heard the rain patterning
 gently overhead, and, softly stirring her roots,
 she listened intently, then cried delightedly, " I
 believe spring has come ! To-morrow I'll send
 up a little shoot to see if it is true. Spring again !
 and sunshine ! and songs of birds ! and my own
 dainty, blue blossoms ! and dear little, sweet-
 voiced children to gather them ! Is n't it de-
 lightful to think about ! "

When to-morrow came, Violet-root sent up the
 tiny green shoot, and down its delicate green
 stem came the happy news, " All right ! Send

up my brothers and my sisters ! Behind Deacon Brown's barn, on the north side, there's only a tiny patch of snow. There are saucy dandelions all about me, and over in the swamp are lots of cowslips."

How busily employed Violet-root was for a week ! Such dainty blue dresses to put on her blossoms ! Such motherly advice to give them about acting modestly and sweetly and kindly, as dear little Violet-blossoms ought ! And such a happy day for the whole family it was when the dear little blossoms sang in the sunlight and balmy air their spring song :—

(Air—"When He Cometh.")

Blue-eyed blossoms, blue-eyed blossoms,
Come join in the praises
Which the green leaves and the breezes
Are chanting to-day.

Chorus.—We are thanking and praising,
Our voices upraising
Unto Him who hath sent us
To brighten the earth.

Little children, little children,
Come pick our bright blossoms,
For the sad ones and the weary
Who need us to-day.—*Cho.*

We will whisper, we will whisper
Of His loving kindness,
And His gentle, tender message
We'll carry to all.—*Cho.*

Floral Offerings.—

I.

[As the floral offerings for the sick and poor are collected from the several classes, a single speaker may give the poetical quotations, and the audience respond with the Scripture passages.]

Oh, the glad green leaves, oh, the happy wind,
Oh, delicate fragrance and balm !

Storm and tumult are left behind,
 In a rapture of golden calm.
 From dewy morn to starry night
 The birds sing sweet and strong,
 That the radiant sky is filled with light,
 That the days are fair and long.

Response.—Sing praises unto our King, sing praises.

In the month of roses,
 Then the birds sing blithe and bright,
 And the glad air glows with light
 Till the daytime closes :
 In the merry tune-month,
 In the sunny June-month,
 In the month of roses !

Response.—The day is thine, the night also is thine.

Up I looked, and down upon the sod,
 Sprinkled thick with violets blue and bright ;
 Surely “Through His garden walketh God,”
 Low I whispered, full of my delight.

Response.—Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving ; sing praise upon the harp unto our God.

Then sing in the hedgegrow green, O thrush,
 O skylark, sing in the blue ;
 Sing loud, sing clear, that the King may hear,
 And my soul shall sing with you.

Response.—Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty ; they shall behold the land that is very far off.

Away to the healthful hills,
 Where the wind blows fresh and free ;
 Away to wander along the shore,
 And breathe the breath of the sea.

O rich folk, resting from state,
 O workers, cease from care,
 O children, who love the daisied fields,
 When you breathe the fresh, pure air,

 When you wander by hill or sea,
 When you rest in the quiet wood,
 Give thanks to God for the glad "Third Day,"
 And own that He made it good.

Response.—And the earth brought forth grass, and herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself, after his kind ; and God saw that it was good.

And the evening and the morning were the third day.

Song.—

THE CHILDREN ARE COMING.

Air—"Jesus is Calling." (Epworth Hymnal.)

Home to the love that is waiting to bless,
 Coming to-day, coming to-day,
 Close to the feet of the Saviour we press,
 Jesus, receive us to-day.

Chorus.—Coming to-day, coming to-day,
 The children are coming, yes, gladly they're
 coming to-day.

Bringing to Jesus our joys and our tears,
 Coming to-day, coming to-day,
 Asking His help through the days of the years,
 Stretching so endless away.—*Cho.*

Jesus the Vine, and the branches are ye,
 (Coming to-day, coming to-day,)
 Churches of God, and His "Train them for Me,"
 Echoes around you to-day.—*Cho.*

We are the tendrils and fain would we cling,
 Coming to-day, coming to-day,
 Close to the Vine, whence support we may bring,
 Train us for Jesus to-day.—*Cho.*

Floral Offerings.—

II.

Summer snow of apple blossoms,
Running up and down the glade.

Response.—Seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease.

Birds among the budding trees,
Blossoms on the ringing ground,
Light from those, or song from these ?
Can the tangle be unwound ?
Beauty, music on the earth ;
Music, beauty in the sky ;
Guess the mystery of their birth,
All the haunting what and why.

Nature weaves a marvelous braid,
Tints and tones how deftly blent.
Who unwinds the web she made ?
Thou who wearest her wise content.
Wrapped within her beauty's fold,
Of her song thyself a part,
Plainly are her secrets told
Unto thee, O pure of heart.

Response.—The pure in heart shall see God.

Redly gleam the rose-haws, dripping with the wet,
Fruit of sober autumn, glowing crimson yet ;
Slender swords of iris leaves cut the water clear,
And light green creeps the tender grass, thick-spreading far and near.

Response.—He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of men.

Oh ! the summer's blithe and gay !
 The turf is velvet-soft ; dandelions gem the way.
 And oh, the daffodils !
 And the glory on the hills !
 Oh ! the rustle and the stir
 Of the million wings a-whir !

Response.—Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens ; praise Him in the heights.

Sing loud, O bird in the tree,
 O bird, sing loud in the sky,
 And honey-bees, blacken the clover bed,
 There are none of you glad as I.

For oh, but the world is fair,
 And oh, but the world is sweet !
 I will out in the gold of the blossoming mold
 And sit at the Master's feet.

And the love my heart would speak
 I will fold in the lily's brim,
 That the lips of the blossoms, more pure and meek,
 May offer it up to Him.

Response.—Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.

And when in bliss we see Him,
 The gates of life thrown wide,
 The angel of the Lily
 Shall lead us to His side.

Response.—And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

Solo.—“ Consider the Lilies.”

Recitation.—“ Wanted ! ”

[As the Children's Day collections in the Methodist Church are set apart for the cause of education, we give a recitation adapted to this need.]

The church of to-day believes in education. She learned long ago that her ministers need the discipline and instruction which only the best schools can give; out of her sense of this need have grown her seminaries and colleges; because of this belief, she has given her millions to establish schools in the more needy portions of the country—the South and West—that all who wish an education may see before them the open door.

But she has done more than this. Many can not bear even the slight expense of attending these schools, and so the church has formed an Education Society, through which it is able, by loans or gifts, to help young men and women who long for an education, but can not obtain it unaided.

Miss Willard has said that once when she was speaking, she noticed a sailor in the audience listening most intently. She compared the ravages of intemperance to the raging of the sea around the shores of Holland, and all the efforts of good and true men and women against this evil, to the dikes which have been built upon those shores to keep out the angry waters, closing with an appeal to all who heard her, to find a place in the temperance wall. As she stopped, the sailor-boy rose, and looking through his clear blue eyes straight into hers, he said, "Miss, I'm nothing in the world but a cobble-stone, but put me in the wall anywhere, and *I'll stick.*"

We are building a mighty wall in this country to-day—a wall of Christian education, in which we want every man and woman and child to have a place and to *stick* there. But we need something more than cobble-stones, or granite boulders, even, for this wall. However skillfully laid, a bulwark of either would soon be overthrown unless held together by strong mortar. We have the stones, we want the mortar in the shape of greenbacks and coins. How much will you give toward this wall?

Collection.

Music.

Address by the Pastor.

Hymn.— Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing on His wings.

When comforts are declining,
 He grants the soul again
 A season of clear shining,
 To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation,
 We sweetly then pursue
 The theme of God's salvation,
 And find it ever new.
 Set free from present sorrow,
 We cheerfully can say,
 Let the unknown to-morrow
 Bring with it what it may ;

It can bring with it nothing
 But He will bear us through ;
 Who gives the lilies clothing,
 Will clothe His people too.
 Beneath the spreading heavens
 No creature but is fed,
 And He who feeds the ravens
 Will give His children bread.

Though vine nor fig-tree neither
 Their wonted fruit should bear,
 Though all their fields should wither,
 Nor flocks nor herds be there,
 Yet God the same abiding,
 His praise shall tune my voice ;
 For while in Him confiding,
 I can not but rejoice.

Doxology.—

Great Jehovah, we adore Thee,
 God the Father, God the Son,
 God the Spirit joined in glory
 To the great eternal throne.
 Endless praises
 To Jehovah, Three in One.

Benediction.

[For many of the happy combinations of Scripture and poetry used with the "Floral Offerings," we are indebted to "Nature's Hallelujah."]



CHILDREN'S DAY.—II.

ALICE M. GUERNSEY.

OPENING SONG.

[Air—Epworth Hymnal, No. 226.]

The year's bright chain of months again
 Has circled for us all.
 With songs and cheer, we greet you here,
 And joyous welcome call.

CHO.—Then gladly sing, yes, gladly sing,
 And humbly kneel and pray,
 For God above, in tender love,
 Doth bless the Children's Day.

Through rain and shine, the Hand Divine
 Has guided all the way.
 Our hearts we bring, glad offering,
 To Christ the Lord, to-day.—CHO.

SCRIPTURE READING.

Leader.—And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth: and it was so.

School.—And the earth brought forth grass, and herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree

yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself, after his kind: and God saw that it was good.

L.—[Noah] sent forth the dove out of the ark.

S.—And the dove came in to him in the evening, and, lo, in her mouth was an olive leaf plucked off.

L.—All the tithe of the land, whether of the seed of the land, or of the fruit of the tree, is the Lord's.

S.—It is holy unto the Lord.

L.—The land whither ye go to possess it, is a land of hills and valleys, and drinketh water of the rain of heaven.

S.—A land which the Lord thy God careth for; the eyes of the Lord thy God are always upon it, from the beginning of the year even unto the end of the year.

L.—And this is the blessing wherewith Moses, the man of God, blessed the children of Israel before his death:

S.—And of Joseph he said, Blessed of the Lord be his land, for the precious things of heaven, for the dew, and for the deep that coucheth beneath.

L.—Ask ye of the Lord rain in the time of the latter rain;

S.—So the Lord shall make bright clouds, and give them showers of rain.

L.—I will cause the shower to come down in his season; there shall be showers of blessing.

S.—And the tree of the field shall yield her fruit, and the earth shall yield her increase, and they shall be safe in their land, and shall know that I am the Lord.

L.—If thou shalt hearken diligently unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to observe and to do all his commandments,

S.—The Lord shall open unto thee his good

treasure, the heaven to give the rain unto thy land in his season, and to bless all the work of thine hand.

Prayer.

Anthem.

Recitation.—

JUNE DAYS.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
 Then, if ever, come perfect days;
 Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
 And over it softly her warm ear lays.
 Whether we look or whether we listen,
 We hear life murmur or see it glisten;
 Every clod feels a stir of might,
 An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
 And groping blindly above it for light,
 Climbs to a soul in grasses and flowers
 The flush of life may well be seen,
 Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
 The cowslip stariles in meadows green,
 The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
 And there's never a leaf or blade too mean
 To be some happy creature's palace.
 The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
 A-tilt like a blossom among the leaves,
 And lets his illumined being o'errun
 With the deluge of summer it receives;
 His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
 And the heart in her dumb breast flutters ana sings,
 He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest—
 In the nice ear of nature, which song is the best?

—James Russell Lowell.

Recitation.—

BOBBIE'S VERSES.

The children were learning their verses one day,
 When Baby-boy stopped in his busiest play,
 Saying, "Me, too, mamma, teach *me* what to say,
 For you know, Bobbie *did* learn 'children obey'!"

"Please say it quick mamma—I mean, say it slow."
 Then, standing quite still, with his face all aglow:
 "Now, see, I *can* say it, now Bobbie *does* know—
 It is, 'Consider the lilies, how they grow'!"

"And the 'nother one, mamma—what Jesus said
 When children came to Him—they were n't afraid
 When He put His kind hand on every one's head,
 Like grandpapa does when I'm going to bed."

He climbed up, and sat himself down on my knee.
 "See, now, Bobbie's a big boy! Bobbie is *three!*"
 His sweet voice was grave as he said reverently,
 "*Suffer little children to come unto me.*"

When papa came home, the boys called, "Bobbie, hallo!
 Come quick and tell papa the verses you know!"
 One minute he stopped, then began sweet and low,
 "*Consider the—little children—how they grow!*"

—Wide-Awake.

Recitation.—

Oh, the world is bright, and the world is fair!
 'Tis the year's glad noon, and it knows no care;
 All the buds are awake, and the seeds have found
 That they need not stay in the darksome ground.

So the grass-blades keen have cut their way
 From the gloom below to the golden day;
 And o'er prairies and uplands far and wide
 There is spreading the broad and resistless tide

Of life. And each tiniest flower and leaf,
 As it bursts the bonds of its silken sheath,
 Joins the carol sweet that through vale and wood
 Proclaims that its Maker's work is good.

'Mid the joy and the light, we have gathered, they say,
 For the songs and the flowers of the *Children's* glad Day,
 But the record, m. thinks, if I read it aright,
 Shows that God gave to *man* the dominion and might.

(Reads from the Bible.)—"And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion . . . over all the earth."

And his sturdy right arm is the weapon to prove
 We may help Mother Earth in her labor of love;
 That though cursèd, for sin, be the fruits of the ground,
 Yet for thistles and thorns, may the roses abound.

Sure the *children* must wait till the days of the years
 Have brought wisdom and strength, amid laughter and tears.

So my question craves answer—I pray you to tell
 Why the *Children's* Day comes, and you keep it so well?

RESPONSE.

BY A LITTLE BOY.

Don't you know that people,
 Like the happy flowers,
 Change from buds to blossoms,
 'Mid the sun and showers?
 Don't you know that children,
 Growing just like you,
 Will be men and women,
 In your places, too,

Quite before you know it?
 All that God has given
 Is for little children,
 Like His home in heaven.
 As the little children.
 They who reach His fold,
 And little hands may gather
 All that they can hold

Of the world's rich treasures,
 Of its hope and cheer,
 Of its wondrous chances,
 Of its trust sincere;
 Blend its love and wisdom
 With their childlike grace,
 For in heaven their angels
 Always see His face.

RESPONSIVE SERVICE.

(An older person, standing by a table in front of the audience, receives and arranges the tokens as they are brought forward.

Children bring forward a large flat tray filled with sods, with drapery of green vines.)

1.—The grass comes creeping, creeping every-
 where,

You cannot see it coming,
 Nor hear its low, sweet humming;
 But in the starry night,
 And the glad morning light,

It quietly comes creeping, creeping every
 where.

Class Response.—

For us God makes the grass to grow,
 For us, His sun and showers
 Bid leaves awake from winter's sleep,
 To cheer this world of ours.

A PARABLE.

“Dipper, basin, and cup—
 I am tired of giving!
 None are so free as I,
 In the land of the living.

“Little brown leaves, fly near!
 Make me a gate,
 That I can not pass to the road
 Where the people wait.”

“The singing brook ran not now
 To the road as of yore;
 The water spread in a sheet
 On the meadow floor.

“The clover cried out alarmed:
 ‘Little brook, nay, nay!
 If the sweet, red clover be drowned,
 Whence comes the hay?’

“The sun shone hot on the pool;
 Vile things were bred;
 Things with a squirming tail,
 And noisome head.

“And the children at their play
 Grew tired and weak;
 The fever-flower bloomed red
 On either cheek.

“And the brook itself was lost,
 When tired of giving—
 To carry the fountain's wealth
 Was its way of living.”

(Children bring flowers in festoons, wreaths, bouquets and baskets. These are strewn on the sod, and arranged upon the table, while they speak.)

2.—“The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come.”

3.—“Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.”

4.—Jesus is called “the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley.”

5.—“Crocus, arbutus, violet, snow-drop,
Others may praise them and love them the best.
Give me my olden favorite golden,
Dear Dandelion! you're worth all the rest.

6.—“I bring a brave little maiden—
A maiden with heart all of gold!
The sky may be bright, or the sky may be dark,
She's blithe—both in heat and in cold.
Though her home may be naught but a drear, rock-bound sod,
Yet this brave little maiden looks straight up to God.

7.—“Oh, she's such a dear little maiden!
The soft winds, they kiss her so true.
The robins gaze deep in her clear, truthful eyes,
The children—they love her—don't *you*?
And I think the whole world is drawn nearer the sky
By this dear little maiden we call the *Day's eye*.”

Class Response.—

For us are all things fair;
The lilies stately and tall,
The roses sweet and the daisies white,—
Our Father made them all.

Pecitation.—

THE BRIGHT, BRIGHT FLOWERS.

"Oh, they look upward in every place
 Through this beautiful world of ours;
 And dear as the smile on an old friend's face
 Is the smile of the bright, bright flowers.
 They tell us of wanderings by woods and streams,
 They tell us of lanes and trees;
 But the children of showers and sunny beams
 Have lovelier tales than these,—
 The bright, bright flowers.

"They tell of a season when men were not,
 When earth was by angels trod,
 And leaves and flowers at every spot
 Burst forth at the call of God;
 When spirits, singing their hymns at even,
 Wandered by wood and glade,
 And the Lord looked down from the highest heaven,
 And blessed what He had made,—
 The bright, bright flowers."

(Bringing forward a light frame-work, on which rests an open Bible. This is placed in the center, resting on the sod.

8.—There is something better than these,
 Better than flowers of the June,
 Better than song of the wilding bees,
 Better than robin's tune.

There's a gift for the children, here,
 For them is the blessed Word!
 Oh, listen! For sweet and clear,
 The Master's call is heard.

Class Response.—“Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

Singing:—“I am so glad that our Father in heaven”—

(Bringing the flag, which is placed in position behind the Bible, at one corner of the design.)

9.—I bring the flag of our fatherland;
 For us are its shining stars,
 For us are its bands of snowy white,
 For us are its crimson bars.

For us is the land for which brave men died,
 Where the Past and the Future meet.
 And we pray you to make it pure and clean,
 And fit for our childish feet.

Class Response.—There is promised us, also, “a better country, that is an heavenly.”

(Bringing a banneret bearing the word, Education; this is placed at the corner opposite the flag.)

10.—For us are the secrets of earth,
 You have learned them by patient care, we
 know;
 How the trees and the blossoms bud and
 grow,
 How the rocks and the stones have birth.

But for us is the wealth in your hand,
 Unto us will the treasure you hold be given,
 All the wisdom of earth and the knowledge
 of heaven:
 We are heirs of the heritage grand.

Class Response.—‘The Lord he is God.... Thou shalt keep his commandments, that it may go well with thee and with thy children after thee.’

(Bringing a wand around which is tied the white ribbon; this is placed beside the flag.)

11.—I bring the white ribbon,
 It whispers of peace,

It tells of a time
 When all conflicts shall cease,
 When the brains shall be clear,
 And the hearts shall be true;
 We are helping to bring it—
 Won't *you* work for it, too?

Class Response.

Singing.—Marching Songs, p. 50.

(Bringing a floral cross, that is placed in position immediately behind the Bible.)

12.—Best of all, Christ died for us, as well as for you. His cross is the emblem of *our* hope and trust. And “we know that when he shall appear, *we* shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.”

All join in singing.—“In the cross of Christ I glory.”

Collection.

Addresses.

Singing.

Benediction.

AN EASTER SERVICE.

ARRANGED BY ALICE M. GUERNSEY.

Responsive Scripture Reading.—

Class 1.—When they were come to the place which is called Calvary, there they crucified him.

2.—And the people stood beholding. And the rulers also with them derided him, saying, He saved others; let him save himself if he be Christ the chosen of God.

3.—And the soldiers also mocked him, saying, If thou be the king of the Jews, save thyself.

4.—When the even was come, there came a rich man of Arimathea, named Joseph, who also himself was Jesus' disciple; he went to Pilate and begged the body of Jesus. Then Pilate commanded the body to be delivered. And when Joseph had taken the body, he

wrapped it in a clean linen cloth, and laid it in his own new tomb, which he had hewn out in the rock : and he rolled a great stone to the door of the sepulchre.

5.—Pilate said unto the chief priests and Pharisees, Ye have a watch ; go your way, make it as sure as ye can. So they went and made the sepulchre sure, sealing the stone, and setting a watch.

In unison.—Jesus of Nazareth, * * * a prophet mighty in deed and word before God and all the people ; * * * the chief priests and our rulers delivered him to be condemned to death, and have crucified him. But we trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel.

Question.—

Where are all your hopes, O mortals ?
He who seemed as God alone,
Now hath entered death's dark portals,
And the grave doth claim its own.

Responses (by unseen voices).—

1.—Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise.

2.—And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake.

3.—But some man will say, How are the dead raised up ? and with what body do they come ? * * * That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die.

4.—Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept.

Recitation.—Matt. 28:1-10.

Recitation.—

THROUGH DEATH TO LIFE.

“ Verily, verily I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone : but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.”—John 12: 24.

Have you heard the tale of the aloe plant,
Away in the sunny clime ?
By humble growth of a hundred years
It reaches its blooming time,
And then a wondrous bud at its crown
Breaks out into thousand flowers.

This floral queen in its blooming seen,
 Is the pride of the tropical bowers ;
 But the plant to the flower is a sacrifice,
 For it blooms but once, and in blooming dies.

Have you further heard of the aloe plant
 That grows in the sunny clime ?
 How every one of its thousand flowers,
 As they drop in the blooming-time,
 Is an infant plant, that fastens its roots
 In the place where it falls to the ground,
 And fast as they drop from the dying stem,
 They spring up in beauty around ?
 By dying it liveth a thousand fold
 In the young that spring from the death of the old.

Have you heard the tale of the pelican,
 The Arab's "gimel el bahr,"
 That dwells in the African solitudes,
 Where the birds that live lonely are ?
 Have you heard how it loves its tender young,
 And cares and toils for their good ?
 It brings them water from fountains afar,
 And fishes the seas for their food.
 In famine it feeds them—what love can devise—
 The blood of its bosom, and feeding them dies.

Have you heard the tale they tell of the swan,
 The snow-white bird of the lake ?
 It noislessly floats on the silvery wave,
 It silently sits in the brake ;
 For it saves its song till the end of life,
 And then, in the soft, still even,
 'Mid the golden light of the setting sun,
 It sings as it soars to heaven ;
 And the blessed notes fall back from the skies—
 'Tis its only song, for in singing it dies.

You have heard these tales ; shall I tell you one,
 A greater and better than all ?
 Have you heard of Him whom the heavens adore ?
 Before whom the hosts of them fall ?
 How He left the choirs and anthems above
 For earth with its wailings and woes,
 To suffer the pain and shame of the cross,
 And die for the life of His foes ?
 O Prince of the noble ! O Sufferer divine !
 What sorrow and sacrifice equal to Thine ?

Have you heard this tale, the best of them all,
 The tale of the Holy and True?
 He dies, but His life now in untold souls
 Lives on in the world anew.
 His seed prevails and is filling the earth,
 As the stars fill the skies above;
 He taught us to yield up the love of life
 For the sake of the life of love;
 His death is our life, His loss is our gain,
 The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.

Now hear these tales, ye weary and worn,
 Who for others do give up your all;
 Our Saviour has told you the seed that would grow,
 Into earth's dark bosom must fall,
 Must pass from the view and die away,
 And then will the fruit appear;
 The grain that seemed lost in the earth below
 Will return many fold in the ear:
 By death comes life, by loss comes gain,
 The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.

—*Rev. Henry Harbaugh, D. D.*

Leader.—Christ is risen; and in memory of Him who is our Resurrection and our Life, we keep the Easter festival. Around us the miracle of the springtime is again repeated. Leaves and flowers, birds and breezes seem rejoicing in new life. Let us listen to some of their voices. What says the wind to-day?

Primary class.—Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens: praise him in the heights.

Leader.—What is the Easter message of the flowers?

Recitation.—

EASTER TIDE.

O bells in the steeple,
 Ring out to all people
 That Christ has arisen, that Jesus is here!
 Touch heaven's blue ceiling
 With your happy pealing,
 O bells in the steeple, ring out full and clear!

O soft April showers,
 Call out the young flowers,
 Touch each little sleeper and bid her obey !
 Set daffodils blowing,
 And fresh grasses growing,
 To thrill the old world on the new Easter day !

O lilies so stately,
 Like maids tall and shapely,
 Christ loved you and talked of your beauty of old !
 Stand up in your places,
 And bend your white faces,
 While swinging before Him your censers of gold.

O violets tender,
 Your shy tribute render !
 Tie round your wet faces your soft hoods of blue ;
 And carry your sweetness,
 Your dainty completeness,
 To some tired hand that is longing for you.

O velvet-bloomed willows
 Go comfort sick pillows
 With visions of meadow-land, peaceful and brown ;
 The breath of spring lingers
 Within your cold fingers,
 And the brook's song is caught in your fringes of down.

O world, bowed and broken
 With anguish unspoken,
 Take heart and be glad, for the Lord is not dead !
 On some bright to-morrow,
 Your black cloud of sorrow
 Will break in a sweet rain of joy on your head !

O bells in the steeple,
 Ring out to all people
 That Christ has arisen, that Jesus is here !
 Touch heaven's blue ceiling
 With your happy pealing ;
 O bells in the steeple, ring out full and clear !

—Mrs. May Riley Smith.

Recitation (from the primary class).—

The white flowers freed
 From snowy sepulchres, may speak
 In angel tones to thee,

Oh, fear not ye !
 The Saviour whom ye seek
 Is risen indeed !

Singing.—

Leader.—God maketh grass to grow upon the mountains. We will hear *its* message.

Recitation.—

THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

Here I come, creeping, creeping everywhere ;
 By the dusty roadside,
 On the sunny hillside,
 Close by the noisy brook,
 In every shady nook,
 I come creeping, creeping everywhere ;

Here I come, creeping, creeping everywhere ;
 In the noisy city street
 My pleasant face you'll meet,
 Cheering the sick at heart,
 Toiling his busy part,—
 Silently creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come, creeping, creeping everywhere ;
 You can not see me coming,
 Nor hear my low, sweet humming ;
 For in the starry night,
 And the glad morning light,
 I come quietly creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come, creeping, creeping everywhere ;
 My humble song of praise
 Most joyfully I arise
 To Him at whose command
 I beautify the land,
 Creeping, silently creeping, creeping everywhere.

Leader.—What says the Easter carol of the birds ?

Response.—

Easter birds,
 Still may your gladness
 Take from us all taint of sadness ;

Fill our souls with trust unshaken
 In that being who has taken
 Care for every living thing,
 In summer, winter, fall and spring.

Leader.—What is our answer to these sweet voices?

Responses (primary class).—

1. God shield ye, Easter flowers all,
 Fair violets, buds and blossoms small.
2. God shield ye, bright embroidered train
 Of butterflies upon the plain.
3. God shield ye, heralds of the spring,
 Ye faithful birds, so fleet of wing.

Leader.—Hark to the voice of the brook!

Recitation.—

THE SONG OF THE BROOK.

I chatter over stony ways,
 In little sharps and trebles,—
 I bubble into eddying bays,
 I babble on the pebbles.

I wind about, and in and out,
 With here a blossom sailing,
 And here and there a lusty trout,
 And here and there a grayling

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
 I slide by hazel covers ;
 I move the sweet forget-me-nots
 That grow for happy lovers.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
 To join the brimming river ;
 For men may come, and men may go,
 But I go on forever. —Tennyson.

Singing.

Leader.—All nature, glad and free, joins in the song of the spring. Listen to its message.

Recitation.—A SPRING SONG.

Send the children up
To the high hill's top,
Or deep into the wood's recesses,
To woo spring's caresses.

See, the birds together,
In this splendid weather,
Worship God (for He is God of birds as well as men);

And each feathered neighbor
Enters on his labor,—
Sparrow, robin redbreast, bluebird, modest wren.

As the year advances,
Trees their naked branches
Clothe, and seek your pleasure in their green apparel.

Insect and wild beast
Keep the joyful feast,
Spring breathes upon the earth, and, their joys increased,
All the rejoicing birds break forth in one loud carol.

Come forth on Sundays;
Come forth on Mondays;
Come forth on any day;
Children, come forth to play:—

Worship the God of Nature in your childhood;
Worship Him at your tasks with best endeavor;
Worship Him in your sports; worship Him ever;
Worship Him in the wildwood;
Worship Him amidst the flowers;
And in the greenwood bowers;
Pluck the buttercups, and raise
Your voices in His praise.

—Edward Youl.

*Leader.—*But there are cold mountain-tops
where the Spring voices are almost silent. Does
the Easter gladness reach even these?

Recitation.—

ALPINE HEIGHTS.

On Alpine heights, the love of God is shed;
He paints the morning red,
The flowerets white and blue,
And feeds them with His dew.
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights, o'er many a fragrant heath,
 The loveliest breezes breathe ;
 So free and pure the air,
His breath seems floating there.

On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights, beneath His mild blue eye,
 Still vales and meadows lie ;
 The soaring glacier's ice
 Gleams like a paradise.

On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

Down Alpine heights the silvery streamlets flow ;
 There the bold chamois go ;
 On giddy crags they stand,
 And drink from His own hand.

On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights, in troops all white as snow,
 The sheep and wild goats go ;
 There, in the solitude,
 He fills their hearts with food.

On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights the herdsman tends his herd ;
His shepherd is the Lord ;
 For He who feeds the sheep
 Will sure His offspring keep.

On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

Singing.

Leader.—But in spite of all this rejoicing, there is want and sorrow upon the earth. There are drinking fathers, weary mothers, starving children. How can we help them ?

Class response.—

Tell the tidings of His Resurrection,
 Christ, the Lord of lords and King of kings !
 Now rejoicing in her glad election
 To life and light, our Mother Nature sings.

So with rapture sound the glad evangel !
 Man may rise to life above,
 And, but “little lower than the angels,”
 Sing the glad song of Christ's redeeming love.

Recitation.—OUR OFFERINGS.

How shall we keep this holy day of gladness,
 This queen of days, that bitter, hopeless sadness
 Forever drives away?
 The night is past, its sleep and its forgetting,
 Our risen Sun no more forever setting,
 Pours everlasting day.

Let us not bring upon this joyful morning,
 Dead myrrh and spices for our Lord's adorning,
 Nor any lifeless thing;
 Our gifts shall be the fragrance and the splendor
 Of living flowers in breathing beauty tender,
 The glory of our spring.

And with the myrrh, O put away the leaven
 Of malice, hatred, injuries unforgiven,
 And cold and lifeless form,
 Still with the lilies deeds of mercy bringing,
 And fervent prayers and praises upward springing,
 And hopes pure, bright, and warm.

So shall this Easter shed a fragrant beauty
 O'er many a day of dull and cheerless duty,
 And light thy wintry way
 Till rest is won, and Patience smiling faintly,
 Upon thy breast shall lay her lilies saintly,
 To hail Heaven's Easter day.

—*Emily Seaver.*

School (in unison).—

O risen Lord, we feel Thy strong protection,
 We see Thee stand among the graves to-day;
 “I am the Way, the Life, the Resurrection,”
 We hear Thee say.

And all the burdens we have carried sadly,
 Grow light as blossoms on an April spray.
 The cross becomes a staff, we journey gladly,
 This Easter day.

Singing.

HE IS RISEN.

Program for Easter Concert.

ARRANGED BY MRS. IDA BUXTON COLE.

Singing.— “He is Risen.”

“Christ the Lord is risen to-day,” etc.

RESPONSIVE SCRIPTURE READING.

Leader.—In the end of the Sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulchre.*School.*—The angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it.*L.*—And the angel said unto the women, Fear not ye : for I know that ye seek Jesus which was crucified.*S.*—He is not here : for he is risen as he said. Come see the place where the Lord lay.*L.*—And go quickly and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead.*S.*—And they departed quickly from the sepulchre with fear and great joy ; and did run to bring his disciples word.*L.*—And as they went to tell his disciples, behold, Jesus met them, saying, All hail. And they came and held him by the feet and worshiped him.

PRAYER.

*Singing.— Last verse of “He is risen.”**Recitation.—*

A CHILD'S THOUGHT.

Mamma says Easter means “Arisen,”
 And just as flowers rise from the snows,
 And just as sunrise on the night,
 So the Lord Jesus Christ arose,
 And made the dark earth fair and bright.

It is the New Year of the soul,
 And Christian folk (so mother said)
 Should feel new life in heart and limb ;
 For Christ has risen from the dead,
 And all the world should rise with Him.

But I was sorry when I thought
 How deep and cold the snowdrifts lay
 On grass and field and garden bed—
 No buds nor birds for Easter day,
 And all the pretty flowers dead.

Then mamma pointed out a spot—
 A little warm and sunny place
 Where all the snow was melted quite,
 And there one crocus raised its face,
 Just like a beam of yellow light.

“It is an Easter flower !” I cried.
 “Will the Lord see ? It is so small !”
 “Yes,” mother said ; “the dear Lord’s eyes
 Nothing escapes ; He notes it all—
 The less, the larger sacrifice.

“No tiniest creature is forgot ;
 The spent bird in the upper air
 He sees, and heals its broken wing ;
 He listens to a baby’s prayer,
 Though loud and clear the angels sing.

“And when my darling tries her best
 Obedient and good to be,
 Unselfish, loving, true and mild,
 The kind Lord does not fail to see,
 But marks and helps His little child.”

How nice, and yet how strange that is—
 That the great God should really mind
 Such little foolish things as I !
 Perhaps to-morrow, if I seek
 To be a loving child and good,
 And please Him perfectly, it may
 Count like the yellow crocus bud,
 As a wee flower for Easter day.

—*Susan Coolidge.*

Recitation.—

THE EASTER MORNING.

“Jesus, the Christ, is risen !”
 ’Tis thus the people say,
 And with sweet songs and flowers
 They celebrate this day.
 They sing loud hallelujahs
 In honor of the name
 Of Him who as their Saviour
 And Lord of lords they claim.

They tell again the story
 Of how He came to earth,
 Leaving His home in glory
 For one of lowly birth.
 They tell of persecutions,
 And death by cruel foes!
 And how from death's embraces
 On the third day He rose.

Upon this Easter morning
 This lesson we may read :
 Since law must be abiding,
 If Jesus rose indeed,
 Then may our own beloved ones—
 They who have gone before—
 Return and walk beside us
 As in the days of yore.

Ring, Easter bells, ring gaily !
 Flowers, shed your sweet perfume ;
 No longer look we sadly
 Within the silent tomb,
 For our beloved have risen !
 They come to greet us here.
 O Easter flowers, bloom sweetly !
 O Easter bells, ring clear !

—Kate R. Stiles.

Leader.—But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept.

PRIMARY CLASS EXERCISE.

[A cross of evergreen, or one covered with cotton batting on which is sprinkled diamond dust and about which are twined wreaths, stands on the platform. Each child bears a letter, which is to be hung upon the cross so that the word *He* will be on one arm, *Is* on the other, and *Risen* on the main piece. Small hooks or pins should be arranged so that the children can hang the letters easily.]

1st Child. H-e shall save his people from their sins.

2d. E-ven Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us.

2d. I-am the resurrection and the life ; he that

believeth in me though he were dead, yet shall he live.

4th. S-o in Christ shall all be made alive.

5th. R-ejoice in thy salvation.

6th. I-am the Way, the Truth and the Life.

7th. S-tand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free.

8th. E-ver follow that which is good, both among yourselves and to all men.

9th. N-or height, nor depth shall be able to separate us from the love of God.

(Four standing on one side of the cross, five on the other, repeat in concert:—)

“Jesus Christ is risen to-day,
Our triumphant, holy day,
Who did once upon the cross
Suffer to redeem our loss.”

Recitation.—

FINISHED WORK.

Finished work ! For Jesus dieth ;
Woes and strifes and sufferings cease.
Finished work ! For Jesus liveth,
Leaving us His perfect peace.

Finished work ! Oh, blessed promise,
Toiling, fainting by the way,
Finished work shall we accomplish
If we only watch and pray.

Finished work ! Oh, Holy Spirit,
Help our faith and keep us pure !
Finished work ! The Master saith it,
Like the rock His word is sure.

Finished work ! When it is ended,
Perfect love shall cast out fear.

Finished work ! Co-working with Him,
In His form shall we appear.

Finished work ! O glorious foretaste !
 Leaning then on Jesus' breast :
 Finished work ! No tears, no sorrow,
 But eternal, heavenly rest.

—F. A. L.

Singing. —

“ Hallelujah, 'tis done ! ”

RESPONSIVE READING.

Leader. —In that he died, he died unto sin once, but in that he liveth, he liveth unto God.

Bible Class. —If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God.

L. —To what did our Saviour liken himself?

Young Ladies' Class. —I am the good Shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine, and I lay down my life for the sheep.

L. —Has Christ the power of life ?

Young Men's Class. —For as the Father hath life in himself, so hath He given to the Son to have life in himself. The hour is coming when all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth ; they that have done good to the resurrection of life ; they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation.

L. —Has he promised this resurrection of life to all ?

1st Scholar. —He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, and he that believeth not on the Son hath not life.

2d. —Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.

3d. —This is the will of him that sent me, that every one which seeth the Son and believeth on him, may have everlasting life ; and I will raise him up at the last day.

L. —What precious promise have those who believe ?

4th.—I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, there ye may be also.

Singing:—

(Gospel Hymns, No. 158.)

“I’ve been told of a heaven on high.”

L.—What is another promise?

5th.—Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me: because I live ye shall live also.

Recitation:—

EASTER DAY.

Bright Easter skies, fair Easter skies !
 Our Lord has risen, we, too, shall rise.
 Nor walls of stone, hewn firm and cold,
 Nor Roman soldiers, brave and bold,
 Nor Satan’s marshaled hosts could keep
 The piercèd hands in deathly sleep.
 Just as the Easter daybeams dawn,
 Our buried Lord is risen and gone.

Green Easter fields, fair Easter fields !
 Heaven’s first ripe fruit Death, conquered, yields.
 In churchyards wide the seed we sow,
 Beneath the cross the wheat shall grow ;
 On Easter day death’s reign shall end,
 And golden sheaves shall heavenward send.
 Hail the blest morn, by whose glad light
 Angels shall reap the harvests white !

Sweet Easter flowers, white Easter flowers !
 From heaven descend life-giving showers.
 Each plant that bloomed at Eden’s birth
 Shall bloom again o’er ransomed earth.
 Pluck lilies rare and roses sweet,
 And strew the path of Jesus’ feet ;
 Throw fragrant palms before our King,
 And wreathè the crown the saved shall bring.

O Christian child ! O Christian men !
 Our victor Lord shall come again.
 Wake we our hearts at His command ;
 Lift we our love to His right hand ;

With warmest hopes, to Easter skies
 Stretch we our arms and fix our eyes,
 Till in the clouds His sign we see,
 And quick and dead shout jubilee.

—Selected.

EXERCISE FOR SEVEN SCHOLARS.

[Each scholar bears the word he represents, and as he pronounces it hangs it upon a wire suspended across the platform. See II. Peter 1: 5-7.]

L..—How can we shape our lives so as to merit “these exceeding great and precious promises”?

1..—We must “add to our faith *Virtue*.” Our hearts must be pure that they may be fit dwelling places for the Holy Spirit, our “thoughts must be obedient to Christ,” and our “speech always with grace.”

2..—“Add to virtue *Knowledge*.” The wise Solomon desired knowledge that he might “discern between good and bad”; we, too, need an “understanding heart,” for unto us is the command, “Choose ye this day whom ye will serve.”

School.—“The Lord our God will we serve and his voice will we obey.”

3..—“And to knowledge *Temperance*.” We are to “look not upon the wine,” to “touch not, taste not, handle not,” neither offer it to others, for “woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor’s lips.” Like the Nazarites we are to “separate ourselves unto the Lord” and drink neither wine nor strong drink, then like the sons of Rechab, God will bless us for our obedience and we “shall not want a man to stand before him forever.”

Young Lady (responds from audience).—We shall have a truer womanhood when every woman can say with Hannah, “I have drunk neither wine nor strong drink, but have poured out my soul before the Lord.”

Young Man (responds from audience).—We shall have a truer manhood when it can be said of every man as of John the Baptist, “He shall be great in the sight of the Lord, and shall drink neither wine nor strong drink.”

4.—“And to temperance *Patience*.”—“Let patience have her perfect work,” said the great Apostle, so we abide God’s time for the victory over evil.

5.—“And to patience *Godliness*.”—Let us “think God’s thoughts after Him,” that we may grow more into His image, and in the knowledge and love of our Lord Jesus Christ.

6.—“And to godliness *Brotherly Kindness*.”—This it is which inspires the messengers of the cross to brave the dangers of land and sea to win souls for Jesus; which builds asylums, hospitals and homes for the unfortunate and needy; which prompts us to fulfill the law of Christ by bearing one another’s burdens.

7.—“And to brotherly kindness *Charity*.”—“It suffereth long, and is kind, it envieth not, thinketh no evil.”

Leader.—Are these things necessary to the character our risen Lord requires of us?

(*Seven repeat in concert.*) “If these things be in you and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.”

EASTER ADDRESS.

Leader.—Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God and there is none else, and unto me every knee shall bow.

Singing.—

“Jesus shall reign where’er the sun,” etc.

HARVEST HOME.

*"Thou shalt keep * * * the feast of ingathering, which is in the end of the year, when thou hast gathered in thy labors out of the field."*

"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse."

"Thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor, and to thy needy in thy land."

[The purpose of this exercise is best expressed by the two words, Rejoice, and Give.

Many Sabbath-schools have already tried, and with gratifying results, the plan of making the Harvest Concert a Gift Service; an apple or a potato serves as admission ticket, and gifts of fruit, vegetables, and groceries of various kinds are presented by the several classes, or by individuals, to be afterwards distributed among the needy in the community.

In the program here given, the responses under the title, "Harvest Offerings," may be read by the school, a single voice reading the poetical selections; while this is done, the class-offering should be collected.

It is ours, oftentimes, to answer the petition, "Give us this day our daily bread."]

PROGRAM.

Opening Hymn.

RESPONSIVE SCRIPTURE READING.

Leader.—Three times thou shalt keep a feast unto me in the year. Thou shalt keep the feast of unleavened bread; * * * and the feast of harvest, the first fruits of thy labors which thou hast sown in the field; and the feast of ingathering, which is in the end of the year, when thou hast gathered in thy labors out of the field.

School.—When ye have gathered in the fruit of the land, ye shall keep a feast unto the Lord.

L.—Be ye of good courage, and bring of the fruit of the land.

S.—While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease.

L.—Bless, Lord, his substance, and accept the work of his hands.

S.—The Lord shall open unto thee his good treasure,

the heaven to give rain unto thy land in his season, and to bless all the work of thy hand.

L.—For the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and of depths that spring out of valleys and hills ; a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig-trees, and pomegranates ; a land of olive oil and honey ; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness.

S.—Blessed of the Lord be his land, for the precious things of heaven, for the dew and for the deep that croucheth beneath ; and for the precious fruits brought forth by the sun, and for the precious things put forth by the moon ; and for the chief things of the ancient mountains, and for the precious things of the lasting hills ; and for the precious things of the earth and the fullness thereof.

L.—Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and the latter rain.

S.—The Lord shall command the blessing upon thee in thy storehouses, and in all that thou settest thine hand unto.

L.—When ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not wholly reap the corners of thy fields, neither shalt thou gather the gleanings of thy harvest ; and thou shalt not glean the vineyard, neither shalt thou gather every grape of the vineyard ; thou shalt leave them for the poor and stranger ; I am the Lord your God.

S.—When thou cuttest down thine harvest in the field, and hast forgotten a sheaf in the field, thou shalt not go again to fetch it ; it shall be for the stranger ; for the fatherless and for the widow ; that the Lord thy God may bless thee in all the work of thine hands.

L.—When thou hast eaten and art full, then thou shalt bless the Lord thy God for the good land which he hath given thee.

S.—Because the Lord thy God shall bless thee in all thine increase, and in all the works of thy hands, therefore thou shalt surely rejoice.

L.—I am God, even thy God. * * * Every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills.

S.—The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof.

L.—The seed shall be prosperous ; the vine shall give her fruit, and the ground shall give her increase, and the heavens shall give their dew.

S.—Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines ; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat ; the flocks shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls ; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.

Prayer.

GREETING.

For the past few weeks our hills and valleys have been a battle-ground. The bright blades of steel have flashed athwart the plains, and the ranks of the enemy have fallen. To-day the scarlet banners of victory wave from every tree-top, and our crowded granaries hold trophies of the bloodless war. Autumn is victor in the conflict, and we hail the conqueror with songs of Harvest Home.

We have come to-night in the spirit of the command given to God's people of old, to keep our feast of ingathering." When the Israelites wandered in the desert, God said unto Moses, "Behold, I will rain bread from heaven for you." Day by day through those long years of journeying, the manna fell. But it ceased at last—"on the morrow after they had eaten of the old corn of the land ; neither had the children of Israel manna any more ; but they did eat of the fruit of the land of Canaan that year." Then was repeated the command first given by Moses at the foot of Mt. Sinai, "Thou shalt observe the feast of weeks, of the first-fruits of wheat harvest, and the feast of ingathering at the year's end." This latter feast we ask you to help us keep, to-night, obeying, also, that other precept of the law which Christ came "not to destroy, but to fulfill";—"And when ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not wholly reap the corners of thy field, neither shalt thou gather the gleanings of thy harvest. And thou shalt not glean thy vineyards, neither shalt thou gather every grape of thy vineyard. Thou shalt leave them for the poor and stranger; I am the Lord your God."

Singing.—

"The God of harvest praise ;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart and voice,
The valleys laugh and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,

The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

"Yea, bless His holy name,
And joyful thanks proclaim
Through all the earth ;
To glory in your lot
Is comely,—but be not
God's benefits forgot,
Amid your mirth.

"The God of harvest praise ;
Hands, hearts and voices raise
With one accord ;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord."

Class exercise.—

THE LESSON OF THE CORN.

(The children hold up strings of pop-corn, as they speak.)

First.— We learned the oddest lesson
You ever heard, last night,
When popping corn together ;
The flames leaped high and bright,
And the tiny little kernels—
So smooth and hard, you know,—
Turned inside out in a moment,
As white as flakes of snow.

My papa had been reading
Of the missions far away,
And with mamma had promised
To give ten cents a day.
They said it was but little,
Yet in a year 'twould be
Full six and thirty dollars ;
It seemed so much to me !
I said, "Papa, what makes you
Give your money all away ?
Does everybody everywhere
For missions have to pay ?"

He said, "I'll tell you, Harry,
 And the rest of the children there,
 About this item of expense.
 Our country has to bear.
 With the corn we'll make a record ;
 Each grain shall a million be ;
 A million dollars, think of that !
 Now string them here, and see
 For what we spend our money.
 This string will hold but few,
 For five and a half for missions
 Is all the people do."

Second.— "The next line's twice as long ;
 Millions eleven we give
 To all the ministers who preach
 And teach us how to live.

Third.— "For public education,
 Eighty-five we'll have to take ;
 Here is the string of kernels white,
 A goodly line they make.

Fourth.— "For sweetening used in cake and pie,
 And candy every year,
 Millions one hundred fifty-five ;
 Not all well spent, I fear.

Fifth.— "And this string stands for boots and shoes,—
 One hundred ninety-six !

Sixth.— "Two hundred ten for cotton goods ;
 Don't get our numbers mixed.

Seventh.— "For meat we'll string another line,
 Millions three hundred three ;
 For meat means work, and so's a need
 Of every one, you see.

Eighth.— "For bread, the great and vital need,
 Five hundred five we take."

First.— I said, "'Twill be the longest line,
 I'm sure, we'll have to make.
 For every one must have the bread,
 And eat three times a day ;
 There is no other need so great
 For which we have to pay."

(Two children bring the line forward.)

Ninth.— “Six hundred millions make the line,”
Again our father said.

“And this is all for poison spent,
Tobacco, not for bread.
And for these wasted millions
We've no return to show
But smoke and filth and shattered nerves,
Disease and death, you know.”

(Three children bring the line forward.)

Tenth.— Nine hundred millions! Papa helped
Us count and string the line,
And this is all for liquor,
Rum, brandy, beer and wine;
A deadly poison to destroy
Soul, body, heart, and head,
And costs us nearly twice as much
As does our daily bread.
Were these vast sums divided.
And each one made to bear
His portion of the whole expense,
'Twere fifteen dollars there
For every woman, man and child
Each year, that drink may live
On earth, while but eleven cents
Would missions' cause receive.

Together.— And then, O what a pity!
The corn God made for food,
The yellow maize He gives us,
So ripe, and fair, and good,
Is changed to poison whisky;
And this is what we think—
God made the golden kernels
To eat and not to drink.
And if *you* have not done it,
When men and women grown,
We'll stop this cruel harvest
From the fair, broad acres sown
In spring-time; and we promise—
And we'll keep the promise, too—
To have the pop-corn strings in mind
For many a day. Will you?

—Arranged from a poem in *Child Culture* by Emily D. Elton.

Recitation.—A THANKSGIVING.

(The last line of each stanza may be given by the school.)

For the wealth of pathless forests,
 Whereon no axe may fall ;
 For the winds that haunt the branches,
 The young birds' timid call ;
 For the red leaves dropped like rubies
 Upon the dark, green sod ;
 For the waving of the forests,
 I thank Thee, O my God !

For the rosebud's break of beauty
 Along the toiler's way ;
 For the violet's eye that opens
 To bless the new-born day ;
 For the bare twigs that in summer
 Bloom like the prophet's rod ;
 For the blossoming of flowers,
 I thank Thee, O my God !

For the lifting up of mountains,
 In brightness and in dread ;
 For the peaks where snow and sunshine
 Alone have dared to tread ;
 For the dark of silent gorges,
 Whence mighty cedars nod ;
 For the majesty of mountains,
 I thank Thee, O my God !

For the earth and all its beauty ;
 The sky and all its light ;
 For the dim and soothing shadows,
 That rest the dazzled sight ;
 For unfading fields and prairies,
 Where sense in vain has trod ;
 For the world's exhaustless beauty,
 I thank Thee, O my God !

For the hidden scroll o'er-written
 With one dear Name adored ;
 For the Heavenly in the human ;
 The Spirit in the Word ;
 For the tokens of Thy presence
 Within, above, abroad ;
 For Thine own great gift of Being,
 I thank Thee, O my God !

—Lucy Larcom.

INFANT CLASS RESPONSES.

Leader.—The soft autumn air is around us, the beautiful blue sky above us. Earth and air and sky are saying,

Class.—The Lord is good to all, and His tender mercies are over all His works.

L.—Lovingly dost Thou, O Lord, care for the creatures which Thou hast made.

C.—Thou openest Thine hand and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.

L.—No tiny birdling in the nest is without God's watchful care.

C.—He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry.

L.—Through the bright summer days, sunshine and rainfall have blessed orchards and fields.

C.—He appointed the moon for seasons ; the sun knoweth his going down. He watereth the hills from His chambers.

L.—With bright leaves of crimson and gold, with luscious fruits and autumn flowers, we deck His temple to-day.

C.—Give unto the Lord the glory due unto His name.

L.—We rejoice in the bountiful harvest.

C.—O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness.

L.—And we bring Him a glad thank-offering.

C.—O Lord, my God, I will give thanks unto Thee forever.

Recitation.—

GOLDEN-ROD.

(The speaker should hold a bouquet of golden-rod.)

This flower is fuller of the sun

Than others our pale North can show ;

It has the heart of August won,

And scatters wide the warmth and glow

Kindled at summer's mid-noon blaze,

Where gentians of September bloom,

Along October's leaf-strewn ways,

And through November's paths of gloom.

As lavish of its golden light

As sunshine's self, this blossom is ;

Its starry chandeliers burn bright

All day ; and have you noted this—

A perfect sun in every flower ?
 Ten thousand thousand fairy suns,
 Raying from new disks hour by hour,
 As up the stalk the life-flash runs ?

Herald of autumn's reign, it sets
 Gay bonfires blazing round the fields ;
 Rich autumn pays in gold his debts
 For tenancy that summer yields.
 Beauty's slow harvest now comes in ;
 New promise with fulfillment won ;
 The heart's vast hope does but begin,
 Filled with ripe seeds of sweetness gone.

Because its myriad glimmering plumes,
 Like a great army's stir and wave ;
 Because its gold in billows blooms,
 The poor man's barren walks to lave ;
 Because its sun-shaped blossoms show
 How souls receive the light of God,
 And unto earth give back that glow—
 I thank Him for the golden-rod.

—Selected.

HARVEST OFFERINGS.

Rich gift of God ! A year of time !
 What pomp of rise and shut of day,
 What hues wherewith our Northern clime
 Makes autumn's dropping woodlands gay ;
 What airs outblown from ferny dells,
 And clover-blooms and sweet-brier smells,
 What songs of brooks and birds, what fruits and flowers,
 Green woods and moon-lit snows, have in its round been
 ours.

Response.—Thou crownest the year with thy goodness,
 and thy paths drop fatness.

What mean the gladness of the plain,
 This joy of eve and morn,
 The mirth that shakes the beard of grain
 And yellow locks of corn ?

Response.—He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle,
 and herb for the service of man, and oil to make his face
 to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart.

Build up an altar to the Lord,
 O grateful hearts of ours !

And shape it of the greenest sward
That ever drank the showers.

Lay all the bloom of gardens there,
And there the orchard fruits ;
Bring golden grain from sun and air,
From earth her goodly roots.

Response.—O give thanks unto the Lord ; for he is good ; because his mercy endureth forever.

Sing thou, my soul ! O heart, be glad !
O circling years, fly swift or slow,
Your ripening harvests shall not fail,
Nor autumn's utmost glow.

Response.—If ye walk in my statutes and keep my commandments and do them ; then I will give you rain in due season, and the land shall yield her increase, and the trees of the field shall yield their fruit. And your threshing shall reach unto the vintage, and the vintage shall reach unto the sowing time, and ye shall eat your bread to the full, and dwell in your land safely.

The weeping birch, like banners idly waving,
Bends to the stream, its spicy branches laving ;
Beaded with dew the witch-elm's tassels shiver.

Response.—All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord.

The moon stays longest for the hunter now ;
The trees cast down their fruitage, and the blithe
And busy squirrel hoards his winter store.

Response.—Thou openest thine hand and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers,
Our plows their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

Response.—Thou settlest the furrows thereof ; thou makest it soft with showers ; thou blessest the springing thereof.

All through the long bright days of June,
 Its leaves grew green and fair,
 And waved in hot mid-summer's noon
 Its soft and yellow hair.

And now with autumn's moon-lit eves,
 Its harvest time has come,
 We pluck away the frosted leaves,
 And bear the treasure home.

Response.—First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear.

O Painter of the fruits and flowers !
 We thank Thee for Thy wise design
 Whereby these human hands of ours
 In Nature's garden, work with Thine.

And thanks that from our daily need
 The joy of simple faith is born ;
 That he who smites the summer weed,
 May trust Thee for the autumn corn.

Response.—For he remembered his holy promise.

And, soon or late, to all that sow,
 The time of harvest shall be given ;
 The flower shall bloom, the fruit shall grow,
 If not on earth, at last in heaven.

Response.—He will ever be mindful of his covenant.

It may not be our lot to wield
 The sickle in the ripened field ;
 Nor ours to hear on summer eves,
 The reaper's song among the sheaves ;

Yet where our duty's task is wrought
 In unison with God's great thought,
 The near and future blend in one,
 And whatsoe'er is willed is done.

Response.—Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord.

Of all His own He loseth none,
 They shall be gathered one by one.

Response.—The harvest is the end of the world ; and the reapers are the angels.

Let sunshine of His grace increase
 The fruit of love, and joy, and peace ;
 With purple bloom of gentleness,
 That most of all our homes may bless ;
 While simple faith and goodness meet
 In ruby ripeness, rich and sweet,
 May these in us be ever found,
 And ever to His praise abound.

Response.—That we should bring forth fruit unto God.

Singing.—

We plow the fields and scatter
 The good seed on the land,
 But it is fed and watered
 By God's almighty hand ;
 He sends the snow in winter,
 The warmth to swell the grain,
 The breezes and the sunshine,
 And soft, refreshing rain.

He only is the Maker
 Of all things near and far ;
 He plants the wayside flower,
 He lights the evening star ;
 The winds and waves obey Him,
 By Him the birds are fed ;
 Much more to us, His children,
 He gives our daily bread.

We thank Thee, then, O Father,
 For all things bright and good,
 The seed-time and the harvest,
 Our life, our health, our food ;
 Accept the gifts we offer
 For all Thy love imparts,
 And, what Thou most desirest,
 Our humble, thankful hearts.

Recitation.—

HARVEST-TIME.

Our faithful God hath sent us
 A fruitful harvest-tide ;

He summer boons hath lent us,
And winter wants supplied.

The fields, at His ordaining,
Stand thick with golden sheaves,
And man, full oft complaining,
New bounty now receives.

Though Mercy largely giveth,
Is Justice pacified.
We live through Him who liveth,
The "Corn of Wheat" that died.

Then full be our thanksgiving,
And clear each note of joy;
While faith and holy living
Our earnest thoughts employ.

And, at the last Great Reaping,
When Christ His sheaves will own,
May we, no longer weeping,
Be garnered near His throne.

—Rev. W. H. Havergal.

Recitation.—

HARVEST-HOME.

"Scatter the seed, for the furrows are waiting,
Eager to brighten with springing of grain.
Sunshine and showers in blessing shall bless thee,
Aye, for thy labor shall not be in vain."

So we sang in the sunny spring-time,
So we sang in the morning glow,
Keeping time to the April music,
Watching the green things bud and grow.

Now the sun-rays westward slanting,
Fringe with gold the forest dell,
And the autumn's weird enchantment
Rests upon us like a spell.

Bring the maple's crimson glory,
And the birch's yellow sheen,
Reddened bronze of blackberry runners,
Sprays of trailing evergreen,

Purple asters from the hillside,
Golden-rod and primrose fair.
Tawny grasses gently waving
In the hazy autumn air.

Royally the earth has given
From her largess to our hand,
Golden grain from prairie reaches,
Richly blessing all the land.

Laden with the year's bright trophies,
Gladly to the temple come.
And with grateful voices blending,
Sing the songs of Harvest Home.

Better the reaping than the sowing,
Better the fruiting than the growing,
Better the wondrous harvest-time,
Than the toil and care of the morning-prime.
Better the autumn's mellow haze,
Than the gleaming showers of the April days.
Better, we trust, *life's* autumn glow,
Than the beauteous spring of its long ago.
And better, God grant, than has ever come,
The joyous shouts of its Harvest Home.

—A. M. G.

Singing.—

“Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home.”

Doxology. Benediction.

CHRIST THE KING.*

Alice M. GUERNSEY.

March time.

"NORTH." CHAS. T. KIMBALL.

1. Once He wore the thorn-crown, Christ the Lord is King; Head with sor-row bowed down,

2. Thro' His bless-ed reign-ing, Wrong and sin shall cease; Earth's dark shadows wan-ning,

Christ the Lord is King. Now in high-est heav-en Saints and an-gels sing.

Dawns the day of peace. To the mighty Vic-tor Joy-ous-ly we'll sing,

CHORUS.

Cast-ing crowns be-fore Him, Christ the Lord is King. } With our lof-tiest prais-es

Hail the great A-noint-ed! Christ the Lord is King. }

Bid the ech-oes ring. Hail to earth's Re-deem-er! Christ the Lord is King.

CHRIST THE KING.

ALICE M. GUERNSEY.

Program for a Christmas Sunday-school Concert.

[On the platform are arranged books, an easel holding a large picture of the Madonna and Child, music, statuary, a globe, astronomical instruments, the "white ribbon," Red Cross banner, a large cross (at least four feet high), and a stand with an open Bible upon it.]

PROCESSIONAL.

[*Epworth Hymnal.*]

Tell it out among the nations that the Lord is King ;
 Tell it out ! Tell it out !

Tell it out among the nations, bid them shout and sing ;
 Tell it out ! Tell it out !

Tell it out with adoration that He shall increase,
 That the mighty King of glory is the King of peace ;
 Tell it out with jubilation, let the song ne'er cease ;
 Tell it out ! Tell it out !

Tell it out among the people that the Saviour reigns ;
 Tell it out ! Tell it out !

Tell it out among the heathen, bid them break their
 chains ;

Tell it out ! Tell it out !

Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives,
 Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He gives,
 Tell it out among the sinners that He sin forgives,
 Tell it out ! Tell it out !

Tell it out among the people, Jesus reigns above ;
 Tell it out ! Tell it out !

Tell it out among the nations that His reign is love ;
 Tell it out ! Tell it out !

Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home,
 Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean's foam,
 That the weary, heavy-laden, need no longer roam ;
 Tell it out ! Tell it out !

RESPONSIVE SCRIPTURE READING.

Leader.—Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, behold there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem.

School.—Saying, where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.

L.—Tell ye the daughter of Sion,

S.—Behold, thy King cometh unto thee.

L.—Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Sion! shout, O daughter of Jerusalem.

S.—Behold, thy King cometh unto thee; he is just, and having salvation.

L.—Nathanael answered and saith unto him,—

S.—Rabbi, thou art the Son of God; thou art the King of Israel.

L.—I give thee charge that thou keep this commandment without spot, unrebukable, until the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ,

S.—Who is the blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings, the Lord of lords.

L.—He is Lord of lords and King of kings.

S.—And they that are with him are called, and chosen, and faithful.

Prayer.

PRIMARY CLASS EXERCISE.

[Across the back of the platform have a wire stretched, on which can be hung in order the letters borne by the children. If necessary, have a background of cloth or paper, so that the letters of motto—"Christ the King"—may be distinctly seen by the audience when completed. Each letter is hung after the recitation of the verse.]

Leader.—Who is He whose birth we celebrate to-day?

C.—He is "the Christ, the Son of the living God."

- H.*—He is “the *Holy One of God.*”
R.—He is “the *Redeemer.*”
I.—He is “the *Image of God.*”
S.—He is our “*Saviour.*”
T.—He is “the *Truth.*”
T.—He is the “*Great Teacher.*”
H.—He is our *Helper.*
E.—He is “*Emmanuel*—God with us.”
K.—He is “the *King of kings.*”
I.—He is our *Intercessor.*
N.—He is our *Never-failing Friend.*
G.—He is “*God blessed for ever.*”

Singing.

Recitations.—

CHRISTMAS LAND.

Who has the key of Christmas land ?
 When the bonfire shines,
 And the holly twines,
 Carolers sing—a merry band—
 And stars are bright o'er that fair strand—
 Who has the key of Christmas land ?

Light are the hearts in Christmas land ;
 In each group you meet
 There are faces sweet.

Bosoms young and guileless are there,
 And brows not yet wrinkled with care—
 Who has the key of Christmas land ?

Dear baby hearts in Christmas land,
 We want to be near,
 And join in your cheer
 When the tree with strange fruit bends,
 And you wait for what Santa sends—
 Who has the key of Christmas land ?

Love has the key of Christmas land ;
 Oh, come, cherub love,
 With wings like the dove.

Spread over hearts thy light of peace,
 Sow for a harvest full of increase—
 Open the gates of Christmas land.

Open the gates of Christmas land,
 There is much to do,
 And the days are few.
 Bid all men set charity free,
 By thy grace let us see there be
 None of God's poor in Christmas land.

—*Selected.*

CHRISTMAS FOR ALL.

In the mansions of the rich, 'tis Christmas,
 With its glitter and its show ;
 And fortune's favored ones,
 Both great and small,
 With lavish hand rich gifts bestow,
 And gold from ample store flows out,
 Nor marks its flow.

In the dwellings of the poor 'tis Christmas,
 And a breath of pine and snow
 Is wafted gently in
 Through open doors,
 And laughing shouts and cheeks that glow
 Proclaim the gladdest day the earth can ever know

Unto rich and poor alike, came Christmas
 In Bethlehem long ago ;
 And in a lowly stall,
 The Father's hand
 There laid the Gift of gifts to show
 The same impartial love to all—
 The high and low.

—*Selected.*

Paper.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS IN THE OLD WORLD.

Recitations.—

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Dear are the sounds of the Christmas chimes
 In the land of the ivied towers.
 And they welcome the dearest of festival times
 In this western world of ours !
 Bright on the holly and mistletoe bough,
 The English firelight falls,

And bright are the wreathèd evergreens now
 That gladden our own home walls,
 And hark ! the first sweet note that tells
 The welcome of the Christmas Bells.

They are ringing to-night through the Norway firs,
 And across the Swedish fells,
 And the Cuban palm-tree dreamily stirs
 To the sound of those Christmas Bells !
 They ring where the Indian Ganges rolls
 Its flood through the rice-fields wide ;
 They swell the far hymns of the Lapps and Poles,
 To the praise of the Crucified.
 Sweeter than the tones of the ocean's shells,
 Mingle the chimes of the Christmas Bells.

The years come not back that have circled away
 With the past of the Eastern land,
 When He plucked the corn on the Sabbath day,
 And healed the withered hand ;
 But the bells shall join in a joyous chime
 For the One who walked the sea,
 And ring again for the better time
 Of the Christ that is to be !
 Then ring ! for earth's best promise dwells
 In ye, O joyous prophet bells. --Selected.

YULE-TIDE.

Gather the joy
 from the heart of the summer,
 Twitter and song
 of the Easter troth birds,
 Autumn's thanksgiving
 of fruitage and color,
 Winter's glad pæan
 in sun-tinted words.
 All are but whispers,
 but symbols and tokens,
 Joyous fulfillment
 the Yule-tide doth bring.
 He who was cradled
 in Bethlehem's manger,
 Child of the Christmas,
 is crownèd its King.

CHRIST'S BIRTHDAY.

How did they keep His birthday then,
 The little fair Christ so long ago?
 O many there were to be housed and fed,
 And there was no place in the inn, they said;
 So into the manger the Christ must go,
 To lodge with the cattle, and not with men.

The ox and the ass they munched their hay,
 They munched, and they slumbered, wondering not,
 And out in the midnight, cold and blue,
 The shepherds slept, and the sheep slept, too,
 Till the angels' song and the bright star-ray
 Guided the wise men to the spot.

But only the wise men knelt and prayed,
 And only the shepherds came to see,
 And the rest of the world came not at all
 For the little Christ in the oxen's stall.

And we are angry and amazed
 That such a dull, hard thing should be.

How do we keep Christ's birthday now?
 We ring the bells, and we raise the strain,
 We hang up garlands everywhere,
 And bid the tapers twinkle fair,
 And feast and frolic, and then we go
 Back to the same old lives again.

Are we no better, then, than they
 Who failed the new-born Christ to see?
 To them a helpless babe—to us,
 He shines a Saviour glorious,
 Our Lord, our Friend, our All—yet we
 Are half asleep this Christmas day.

—Susan Coolidge.

RESPONSIVE SERVICE.

(*By members of the Intermediate department.*)

[Place the cross in the center of the stage, and have the speakers stand in a semicircle radiating from it, boys on one side and girls on the other.]

1.—When the King of all kings claimed His kingdom on earth,
 What the heralds that told of his wonderful birth?

1st response.—And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them ; and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not : for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you ; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

2d Response.—And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

3d Response.—Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem,

Saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews ? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.

2.—Then what brought they as tribute, those magi of old,

Unto Him who is Lord of earth's silver and gold ?

Response.—And when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts : gold and frankincense, and myrrh.

3.—What the welcome the ruler of Israel gave

To the Prince who came seeking to win and to save ?

1st Response.—Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared.

And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search diligently for the young child ; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also.

2d Response.—Behold, the angel of the Lord appeareth to Joseph in a dream, saying, Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word : for Herod will seek the young child to destroy him.

4.—And how dwelt He on earth? Had He palace and throne?

Was He welcomed and praised by His loved and His own?

Response.—The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.

5.—Was He clad in robe royal? a crown did He wear?
And a sceptre of kingship and power did He bear?

Response.—And they stripped him, and put on him a scarlet robe.

And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it upon his head, and a reed in his right hand: and they bowed the knee before him, and mocked him, saying, Hail, King of the Jews!

And they spit upon him, and took the reed, and smote him on the head.

6.—Did He die like a king? Did they lay Him to rest
In the tomb of His fathers, thrice honored and blest?

1st Response.—They crucified him . . . and set up over his head his accusation written, THIS IS JESUS, THE KING OF THE JEWS.

2d Response.—When the even was come, there came a rich man of Arimathea, named Joseph, who also himself was Jesus' disciple.

He went to Pilate, and begged the body of Jesus. Then Pilate commanded the body to be delivered.

And when Joseph had taken the body, he wrapped it in a clean linen cloth,

And laid it in his own new tomb, which he had hewn out in the rock: and he rolled a great stone to the door of the sepulchre, and departed.

7.—Then why call ye Him King who but suffered and died?

Who was hated and scorned, scourged and mocked, crucified?

Response.—He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

8.—But a King who is dead—what availeth your boasts?
What of succor or victory gives He His hosts?

1st Response.—Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified: he is risen.

2d Response.—O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

3d Response.—But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept.

4th Response.—Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them.

5th Response.—But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.

In concert (or sung, if convenient)—“In the Cross of Christ I Glory.”

Singing.

ART THOU WEARY?

(Gospel Hymns Combined, No. 195.)

Art thou weary, art thou languid,

Art thou sore distressed!

“Come to Me,” saith One, “and coming,
Be at rest!”

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,

If He be my guide?

“In His hands and feet are woundprints,
And His side!”

Is there diadem, as monarch,

That His brow adorns?

“Yes, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns.”

If I ask Him to receive me,

Will He say me nay?

“Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away!”

If I still hold closely to Him,

What hath He at last?

“Sorrow vanquish’d, labor ended,
Jordan past!”

Finding, following, serving, trusting,

Is He sure to bless?

“Angels, martyrs, prophets, teachers,
Answer ‘Yes’!”

Dialogue.—

WHY WE LOVE CHRISTMAS.

Grace.

I've been thinking, little sisters, if a heathen child should
be
Hither brought from some lone islet in the far-off South-
ern Sea,
And should ask why summer garlands deck our house
this festive day,
Why we seem so glad and happy, Annie dear, what would
you say?

Annie.

I would tell the lovely story of the Babe of Bethlehem—
How they laid Him in a manger when by night He came
to them ;
I would tell how Mary dressed Him, and with soft and
fragrant hay,
I think, she made the manger bed where baby Jesus lay.

Fannie.

I would tell that gentle shepherds, watching o'er their
flocks by night,
Saw suddenly around them the shining glory-light,
And heard the angel's tidings about the Saviour's birth ;
And then the heavenly chorus, "Good will and peace on
earth."

Bessie.

I would tell the wondrous story about the shining star
That led the holy wise men from Eastern lands afar,
Until they found sweet Mary and the Jesus-child with her,
And gave Him costly presents—gold, frankincense and
myrrh.

Carrie.

Then I would tell how Jesus, this blessed little Child,
Grew up to perfect manhood, holy, pure and undefiled ;
How, living, serving, doing, Himself for us He gave ;
He loved us so, He lived and died from sin and shame to
save.

Nettie.

Then to the little heathen child I think that I would
say—

"Don't you think that we have shown you why we love
the Christmas Day?

Don't you see we must be happy, and our happy gladness
show,

Upon the birthday of the One Who blessed and loved us
so?"

Sadie.

And then we all would promise the heathen child that
we

Will send the knowledge of His love to the islands of the
sea,

Till all the world shall hear of Him who came in lowly
birth,

Whose love, in God's good time, shall bring good will to
all the earth.

—*Mrs. M. B. C. Slade.*

RESPONSIVE SERVICE.

(*By members of the adult department.*)

Question (by the leader).—What has Christ done
for the world?

*First Speaker (coming forward and pointing to
the pictures).*—So long as we admire the works
of Raphael, Michael Angelo, and other of the
world's great painters, we can not forget that their
masterpieces are scenes from the life of Christ.
First in value among the great paintings of to-
day are those of the Madonna and Child, the
Descent from the Cross, and the Last Supper.

*Second Speaker (pointing to the globe and as-
tronomical instruments).*—The scientific nations
of the world are its Christian nations. When
Columbus set sail to find the other side of the
earth, his purpose was to discover new lands over
which the banner of the Cross might float. It
has almost passed into a proverb that "the un-
devout astronomer is mad," and the microscope
shows the care of the Creator for the very least
of His works.

Third Speaker.—When the Mississippi and the

Ohio overflowed their banks, bringing destruction and death to property and lives, when the earthquake shattered Charleston, when the cyclone swept through Illinois and laid Mt. Vernon low, the Red Cross society (*pointing to its emblem*) was the first and most efficient agent of help. On every battle-field of the civilized world to-day, the Red Cross nurses, surgeons and hospitals, protected by international treaty, give the most complete relief for the horrors of war. Heathen nations know nothing of such help. "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." The Red Cross Society is one more token of the Christ-love which teaches "the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man," and so hastens the time when "men shall learn war no more."

Fourth Speaker.—The Christian nations of the world are its leaders along all lines of moral reform. The white-ribbon of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union (*pointing to it*) belts the globe to-day. From England and America go by far the greater number of the missionaries and teachers who are the chief civilizing agents of the world. The Christ-love in the heart is a love that banishes selfishness and leads out into work for others.

Fifth Speaker.—If you were to take out from the music of the world all its sacred songs, all its church anthems, all that which is connected, directly or indirectly, with the life and power of Christ, how little would be left worth singing. Suppose no mother-love, henceforth, could sing to her babe the story of the Christ-child, no children could chant Christmas or Easter carols, no tried and tempted heart could whisper,

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee,"

no choir could swell “the jubilant thunders of the ‘Hallelujah Chorus,’ ” or ever again sing of “The green hill, far away,” the cross, the dying and the risen Saviour—would you care for music, then?

Sixth Speaker.—Take Christ out of the literature of the world, and you leave nothing of real comfort, or real strength. Shakespeare, Longfellow, Macaulay, all our best writers, turn to the Bible as to a mine of precious gems; and the central figure of the Bible is our Lord Jesus Christ.

Seventh Speaker (with hand on the open Bible).—“God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” “Then answered Jesus and said unto them, Search the Scriptures....they are they which testify of me.”

Singing.—“All Hail the Power of Jesus’ Name.”



Miscellaneous.

RING-A-ROUND-ROSY.

ALICE M. GUERNSEY.

[Enter a company of the smaller children of the Legion ; they join hands and circle in a skipping step around a large globe standing on the platform, singing. Air.—*Marching Songs*, p. 13.]

Ring round, now ! Ring round, now,
We're coming one and all !
We'll strike against the wages of the tyrant, Al-
cohol.

(*Enter a larger girl representing Miss Willard*).—Who are all these little folks and what are they doing ?

[For the sake of convenience, the responses are numbered. They may be divided among the children as seems best in each case.]

1. Why, Miss Willard, don't you know who we are ? We're the Loyal Temperance Legion.

All.—Tremble, King Alcohol, we shall grow up !

2.—We're going to be the W. C. T. U. and the temperance men of the country, by and by.

Miss W.—The Loyal Temperance Legion ! Why, of course ! I didn't notice your badges at first, you see.

3 (*A little boy*).—You know you are our big sister, and we all like your ideas about boys and want you to know that we *do* help our mothers.

Boys.—Yes, indeed, and we're not ashamed of it, either.

(*Children circle again, singing.*)

Ring round, now ! Ring round, now !

We're Home Protection boys !

We "lend a hand" where'er we can, for all our fun and noise.

4. — Please, where is Miss Gordon ? She knows all about us.

Miss Gordon (entering). — Here I am, little folks. Of course I know all about you. Have n't I heard you singing and marching this great country over ? I want you should tell Miss Willard something about yourselves and the cause you work for. Who takes care of the Loyal Temperance Legion ?

All. — The Woman's Christian Temperance Union:

Miss G.—Who is your National Superintendent?

All.—Mrs. Helen G. Rice, of Massachusetts.

Miss G.—What is your pledge?

(*Children recite it in the form adopted by the company giving the exercise.*)

Miss G.—How are you divided ?

All.—Into State Legions; and these, into companies.

Miss G.—Tell us some of your mottoes.

5.—The children are a-field.

6.—Keep your record clean.

7.—Look up and not down.

Look forward and not back.

Look out and not in,

And lend a hand !

(Include, always, the mottoes of the State Legion and local company.)

Miss W.—I see you have some pretty clear thoughts on this subject, at any rate. But please tell me what such small folks as you are, can do for temperance.

8.—We can sign the pledge.

9.—And *keep* it, too.

10.—We can tell other people that it's wicked to drink beer, and cider, and such things.

11.—We can think, "That's a trap, and I won't be caught in it," every time we see a saloon.

12.—We can pray for temperance.

(Enter older children singing. *Marching Songs*, p. 38.)

Miss W.—Who are these, Miss Gordon?

Miss G.—They shall speak for themselves. Who are you?

13.—We are the Temperance Cadets.

14.—And the Temperance Wide-Awakes.

15.—And the Band of Hope.

16.—And the girls of the Loyal Temperance Legion who will soon be Y's.

17.—And the boys who will soon be honorary Y's.

18.—And the boys who will soon be voters.

19.—And the girls who expect to be voters, too.

Miss W.—How will you vote, young people?

All.—For God and home and native land.

Singing. — We are Temperance Children. (*Marching Songs*, p. 44.)

Miss G.—Please tell us what you are doing now for temperance.

20.—We are studying physiology in our schools, and learning that alcohol is a poison, *always and everywhere*.

21.—In the meetings of our Legion we are studying ways and means to do temperance work.

22.—In our Sunday-schools we are learning what the Bible says about temperance.

23.—We are carrying flowers to the sick, as a part of our Flower Mission work.

24.—We are wearing our badges and so “showing our colors” when we can do nothing else.

Singing.—Stand up, stand up for temperance,
 Young soldiers brave and true.
 Lift high our Legion banner,
 Besprinkled with morning dew.
 From victory unto victory,
 Our army shall be led,
 Until the foe is vanquished,
 And King Alcohol is dead.

Miss W.—Bravo for the Loyal Temperance Legion! Since these are to be the men and women of the coming time, all hail to the twentieth century! But I see you have a globe here. Do you know anything of the World's W. C. T. U.?

25.—Indeed, we do. We will tell you of the mission of the white ribbon.

Recitation.—

I lifted up my eyes, and lo! in all countries and lands, a host of women were gathered together in large and small places, in upper rooms and crowded churches. Women with sweet home faces and gentle womanly ways; women with hearts earnest and true, and eyes full of the light of a steadfast purpose. They wore a simple badge of white ribbon, and wherever they met they knew each other, and joined hands in good work. Whence are they? To what army do they belong? What is their mission?

And the world came before me as I waited for the answer; the world as it lieth in sorrow and sin. In the busy street, close by the business house where the money is made that provides the homes of the nation, the hydra head of the distillery was lifted, the distillery that ruins the homes. The light of the churches that bless the world, was crossed by the shadow of the saloons that curse the world. The same shadow fell across the

school-houses, and lay in the flowery yards of the homes, and hung like a pall over the door posts. Everywhere there were pitfalls for the tender feet starting out on life's journey. The mother's kiss warm upon the cheek ; the serpent's hiss cold upon the ear. Unseen hands held a mortgage over every cradle, a deed written in heart's blood over every home. And the air was full of lamentation ; "Rachel weeping for her children and would not be comforted because they are not." And a mighty prayer was borne up to heaven, "O Lord, how long !" "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death ?"

And voices sweet as the home lullaby were answering : "Here am I, send me." "Where thou leadest, I will follow." And a great joy came into my heart, for the voices were from the white ribbon women. They came out from the homes. They held counsel together. It was for the children, and the world grown gray in sin, that they gathered in large and small places. They were the mothers and sisters and daughters, seeking to save that which is lost. "And the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of cloud, to lead them the way ; and by night in a pillar of fire to give them light." Around them, above them, a host of invisible helpers, and about them a golden circle whereon was written, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

And I saw again, as if far away and yet near, that which seemed to me a divinity, a Priestess, whose command had gone forth, "Build me an altar. Let the wood thereof be the labor of willing hands ; the light thereof, the love of willing hearts." And the Priestess was the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and the number of her altars was ten thousand in that beautiful country they call America, and 200,000 women of that happy land had on the white ribbon, and were helping build the altars. In Canada, in all the cities and towns, the white twined with blue was upon the bosoms of the women, and they were all building altars in all the Queen's domains. Over the ocean in the old world, the same white light—which is love to God and man—shone like a signal glow, and I wondered if they were not lit by coals from the Crusade fire that blazed up in Hillsboro, Ohio, December 23, 1873.

Out from the Golden Gate sped a ship across the sea, and a white ribbon woman waved farewell to friendly faces and dear white ribbon women of her own land, as she carried their message to the Sandwich Isles, New Zealand, Australia and Japan.

Even now the incense of the new altars she has builded is ascending to heaven, and the links of the hearth-stone fires, where the mothers and children kneel in prayer, are fast weaving themselves into a chain that shall encircle the world. From continent to continent, from shore to shore, the lights of the altar fires glow, and the helpless, the tempted, the weary and sad, are looking with eager eyes toward the women with the mother-love in their hearts, the sister-help in their hands.

Such is the mission of the white ribbon. Is it not one to be desired? Might not angels covet the work given to woman's hands to-day? [Esther T. Housh.]

Miss G.—Who is this white-ribbon missionary?

All.—Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt, of Massachusetts.

Miss W.—Can you tell us where she has been?

26. (*Each points out the countries on the globe while speaking*).—First she went to the Sandwich Islands, and organized a Woman's Christian Temperance Union there.

27.—The children of the Sandwich Islands are studying temperance physiology in school, and "keeping step" with us in Bands of Hope.

28.—In January, '85, Mrs. Leavitt went to New Zealand. Here she formed ten strong Unions.

29.—From New Zealand she went to Australia, and, after successful work there, she wrote home, "These people are thorough; when they take the white ribbon, they take it to *keep* and to *wear*."

30.—After months of valuable work in the island continent, she went to Japan, receiving a most cordial welcome from "the Yankees of the East."

31.—From Japan she carried the temperance war into China.

32.—From China, stopping on the way in Siam and Burmah, Mrs. Leavitt went to India and then to Africa.

33.—There are other workers in Europe who are grand helpers in the cause.

Miss G.—Will Gretchen tell us about temperance in Germany?

Gretchen ("a flaxen-haired maid," dressed in costume if convenient).—*Die Deutschen trinken noch viel Bier, aber es giebt Massigkeits-Vereinne überall, die versuchen die Trunkenheit zu verkleinern. Es ist Schade aber, dass die Kinder in Deutschland nicht ganz Abhaltsamkeit gelehrt sind.*

(The Germans still drink much beer, but there are temperance societies all through the country, which try to lessen drunkenness. But it is a pity that the children in Germany are not taught total abstinence.)

Miss G.—And how is it in France, Marie?

Marie.—*En France et en Suisse, nous avons les sociétés de Croix Bleue, et nous promissons de ne boire pas le vin.*

(In France and in Switzerland we have Blue Cross societies, and we promise not to drink wine.)

Miss W.—Who was the first President of the World's W. C. T. U.?

All.—Mrs. Margaret Bright Lucas.

Miss W.—Please tell us something about her.

34.—She is the sister of John Bright, the famous English statesman. She is a noble woman and was President for years of the "British Women's Temperance Association" before it joined the World's W. C. T. U.

35.—And we know that you are its President, now, Miss Willard.

Miss W.—What is the work of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union?

36.—Its motto is "*For God, and Home, and Every Land.*"

37.—Its members wear the white ribbon badge, and ask God's blessing on the work and workers at the noon hour of prayer.

38.—They are planning to petition all the governments of the world to protect the homes by doing away with alcoholic drinks, and other brain-poisons.

Miss G.—What will be done when Mrs. Leavitt gets home?

39.—Other workers are already on their way to reap the harvest where she has sown the seed.

40.—I heard that Miss Willard expects Mrs. Leavitt will ask for a balloon and a telescope, that she may twine the white ribbon round the silvery horns of the moon.

Miss W.—Many travelers drink wine and beer when in Europe, though they call themselves temperance people at home. What would you do in such a case?

Singing.—(Marching Songs, p. 20.)

Miss G.—We know there are chains of drink that bind men hard and fast. What better chains can you show us?

All.—“ Make a chain ; for the land is full of bloody crimes.”

Singing.—Making a Chain. (Marching Songs, p. 44.)

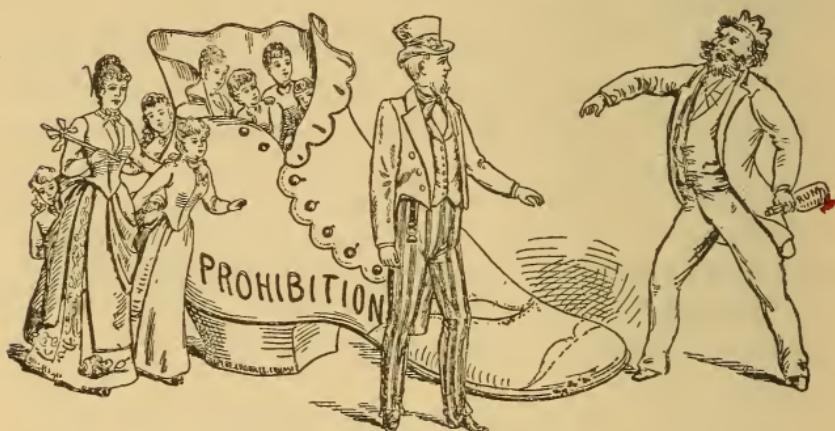
(Substitute the following for the third stanza:)

Temperance lads and lassies,
Loyal to our pledges,
Standing linked together in a living chain.
O'er the waste of waters,
All earth's sons and daughters
Soon will clasp hands with us—that is very plain.

Thus we'll make a chain,
Make a temperance chain,
Thus we'll stand together,
Linked into a chain.

All (changing places so as to form a semi-circle).—We, therefore, representing the Loyal Temperance Legion of the world, and asking God to keep us true to our pledge, do hereby proclaim that we are, and of right ought to be, free from King Alcohol. And to help destroy his power in the world, we mutually pledge to each other (clasping hands) our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

*(Children march off, singing *Soldiers of the King, Marching Songs*, p. 19.)*



THE FAMILY THAT LIVED IN THE SHOE.

MRS. IDA BUXTON COLE.

[Place a large shoe near the center of the stage. To make it, cut a piece representing the side of a shoe from thin board or pasteboard ; cover it with dark blue or white paper, and paste thereon the word "Prohibition," in gilt letters. Decorate the shoe with white ribbon, and make it large enough to conceal Mrs. W. C. T. U. and the children, who are all on the stage except B. of H. and L. T. L.; the children not named below, form the chorus, and any convenient number may take part.]

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

The costumes of Mrs. W. C. T. U. and all the girls, except Dolores and Matilda, should be of pure white.

Mrs. W. C. T. U.—Carries a baton decked with white ribbons.

King Alcohol.—Black clothes; fierce-looking wig and long, shaggy whiskers.

Uncle Sam.—Costume of red, white and blue, with tall white hat.

Evangel.—A gilt star in hair, just over the forehead.

Educia.—Gilt crown on which are the letters A. B. C., etc.

Equality.—Yellow ribbons at throat and waist.

Josephine.—Carries a shield of blue on which is the White Cross; see the White Cross leaflets.

Sophie.—Carries a baton with different colored ribbons representing the different nations.

Afric.—United States shield.

Matilda.—Dress made of newspapers; let the heading of the paper form a border around the bottom of the dress and sleeves.

Dolores.—A ragged dress and torn shoes.

Senator Moneybags.—Any ordinary suit; carries on his right arm a black bag with the sign of dollars worked in bright yellow silk.

Mrs. W. C. T. U. and the children are concealed behind the shoe. King Alcohol and Uncle Sam enter from opposite sides of the stage.]

Uncle Sam.—

Ah, King Alcohol, I am here at your request. Is it a weighty matter of business about which you wish to consult me? I hope my subjects are treating you well.

King.—

No, Uncle Sam, they are not, and for that reason I asked this interview.

U. S.—

Let me hear about it. I am always the friend of the oppressed.

King (pointing to shoe).—

There is an old woman who lives in that shoe

(I think that her surname is C. T. U.),

With children so many I don't know what to do;

They've bothered me so that I now come to you.
 They're after me here, they're after me there,
 And I think that such treatment is hardly fair,—
 When I'm paying to you so much ev'ry year
 For taxes on whisky, brandy, and beer,—
 That you should allow them to run so free,
 And to say evil things and to work against me.
 I really can't stand it another day—
 Both she and the children must be sent away.

U. S.—

I know this woman who is treating you so,
 I've heard them say she was dealing a blow
 At you and your work, and I fear it is true ;
 But, really, I don't know what to do.
 She's sent me petitions year after year,
 Till she's quite out of patience now, I fear,
 And is claiming the right to come and vote,
 And has other demands which I can not quote.
 Some of our states are great friends to her cause,
 To accommodate her they've made many new laws ;
 And, forsooth, she expects me to treat her the same,
 But just how to act I can't tell for my name !

King.—

Do you mean to say you'll turn against me,
 When I put in your pocket many a fee ?
 Ah ! look at that old Prohibition shoe !
 See, here comes Mrs. W. C. T. U.
 Here, speak for yourself, you strong-minded dame,
 Tell us the reason that you defame
 Me and my people, wherever you go,
 And charge upon us such crime and such woe.
 And tell why your children work with a will
 To keep people's money out of my till.

U. S.—

(Tune—"Yankee Doodle.")

Madam, you are just about
 Causing a commotion ;
 Don't upset our nation's peace
 By clinging to a notion.
 Let us have no angry strife
 In our happy borders ;
 Let us live in kindly will,
 Be true to country's orders.

Citizens, they do complain
 That you are quite tormenting,—
 Frequently in others' way,
 And much of trade preventing.
 Now this thing it must be stopped ;
 Please take advice quite kindly—
 Don't get angry, fret and fume,
 And hurry on so blindly.

Mrs. W. C. T. U.—

(Tune—"When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again.")

King Alcohol has told the truth
 I know, I know ;
 I spend much time in training youth,
 'Tis so, 'tis so ;
 Bringing them up in godly fear,
 To fight 'gainst whisky, gin, and beer,

[*Children behind shoe rise and remain standing, joining in last two lines of each verse.]*

And we all live here in the Prohibition Shoe,
 And we all live here in the Prohibition Shoe.

We're working for home and righteous laws,
 'Tis true, 'tis true,
 To bravely advance the temp'rance cause,
 For you, for you ;
 And we expect to carry the day,
 And break down Alcohol's fierce sway,
 And we all live here in the Prohibition Shoe,
 And we all live here in the Prohibition Shoe.

The nation great you represent,
 We know, we know,
 Will never live in sweet content,
 'Tis so, 'tis so,
 While you allow this evil king
 His cursèd traffic here to bring,
 So we all live here in the Prohibition Shoe,
 So we all live here in the Prohibition Shoe.

King.—

Thus she defies us, one and all,
 You see they are ready to answer her call.
 Shall I meekly sit down and thus obey,
 Give my business up to her "I say"?

No, sir ! no ! From you my help I'll withdraw,
 I'll not give to you the worth of a straw.
 I guess you will miss my big revenue,
 For without that, my friend, you can not well do.

Children (in concert).—

“ What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul ? ”

King.—

Listen to that ! How haunted I am !
 Most driven crazy ! And now, Uncle Sam,
 Let's this question decide between you and me—
 Shall this woman, or I, go unhindered and free ?

U. S.—

(“ Yankee Doodle.”)

Children, come, now, do make up,
 Live in milk and honey,
 Let us keep the nation's peace,
 And also keep my money.

Mrs. W. and children. (While singing, the children march around the shoe, then take station as before.)—

No, sir, that will never do,
 Never, in our lives, sir !
 Kill this monster, yes, we will !
 And then give up the strife, sir.

We're a band of soldiers true,
 For the right we're working,
 Always ready in the field,
 And not a duty shirking.
 We are fighting for the home,—
 Well you know our story—
 Marching 'neath the banner bright,
 And looking for God's glory.

*Mrs. W.—*We are working for God, and Home and Native Land ; we oppose nothing except the wrong, prevent no lawful business ; we seek the nation's good, and have raised our standard of

Prohibition and will never cease our work until you, sir, with your right hand, sign King Alcohol's death warrant—the prohibitory amendment to the National Constitution.

King.—Treason, rank treason! I'll hear no more. Good day, sir, I may be a troublesome subject before you are through with me. Sign my death warrant! Ha! ha! (*Exit.*)

U. S.—You see, madam, you are causing contention. I am very sorry. I had hoped that your enterprising children would be my loyal subjects. I must investigate their work and methods.

Mrs. W.—They may speak for themselves, sir.

Evangel (*comes forward with Bible in hand*).—

Evangel is my name, sir,
By power nor yet by might,
But by God's Holy Spirit
I seek to teach the right;
To bring the world to Jesus,
That is my gladsome song,
To plant the Gospel banner
And root out ev'ry wrong.
I read the drunkard's doom,
And so I seek to tell
That all should shun the drunkard's drink
And taste Salvation's well.

Children.—

(Tune—"I love to tell the story.")

Evangel tells the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
Evangel tells the story,
Because He seeks and saves
The tempted, weak and sinful,
From drunkards' lonely graves.

CHO.—Evangel tells the story
And strives to teach God's glory,
And tells the old, old story
Of Jesus and His love.

Educia (stepping forward, courteously, text-books in hand).—

I suppose you know me very well,
 Over me there's so much chatter ;
 Through all the land they're talking about
 My welfare and all that matter.
 Our public schools I represent,
 And my heart is sad with thinking
 That so many hundred little ones
 Must suffer from dram-drinking.
 And now I'm told King Alcohol
 Is offering me a pittance,
 But I say to you I turn with scorn
 From his revenue remittance.
 For the children shall be early taught
 By our temperance instruction,
 To shun the traps of this wicked king
 And his work of dread destruction.

Children. (Motion Song, "Make a temperance chain." Marching Songs, p. 44.)

U. S.—

(“Yankee Doodle.”)

Really, Miss, you do forget
 Unto what you're reaching,
 Laws are things above your sphere,
 Just mind your baby teaching.
 Show them how to read and spell,
 I'll tend to the nation,
 I don't think we need your help
 In our legislation.

Mrs. W.—My daughter Equality will not agree with you, sir.

U. S.—I dare say ; you all seem to be quite original in your way of thinking.

Equality.—

(Tune—“John Brown's Body.” Children join in chorus).
 Long the mothers waited for the dawning of the day
 When the rum-fiend should be driven swift and far away,
 And the homes they loved no longer feel his cruel sway,
 But pure and happy be.

CHO. Glory, glory, hallelujah,
 Glory, glory, hallelujah,
 Glory, glory, hallelujah,
 Equality shall win.

We've heard the voice of manhood telling us to rest in peace,
 That 'tis the right of brothers to command the wrong to cease,
 'Tis ours to smile serenely, though the wrong doth still increase,
 And make our homes so sad.—CHO.

But now we've thrown these notions ev'ry one unto the breeze,
 This ribbon of bright yellow means our work shall never cease
 Till the need of woman's ballot our dear country sees,
 As truth goes marching on.—CHO.

U. S. ("Yankee Doodle").—

Madam, dear, I sadly fear
 You are quite erratic,
 You plan out quite unheard-of things
 In your moods ecstatic.
 I am willing you should teach
 Evils of dram-taking,
 But I must again command,
 Let alone law-making.

(Enter from one side a boy and girl carrying banner with words, "Band of Hope"; from the other a boy and girl carrying banner with words, "Loyal Temperance Legion." They march to the front and sing softly)—

Glory, glory, hallelujah,
 Glory, glory, hallelujah,
 Glory, glory, hallelujah,
 Equality shall win.

U. S.—And you have even taught the children all this fuss about equal rights. Madam, do you mean to turn our nation upside down?

B. of H. and L. T. L. (in concert).—

We are not boys quite all our days,
 Nor always girls with childish ways;
 When we are big—mind what we say—
 The nation shall run in a Christian way.

Josephine.—

Let me tell you the way our country shall go,
 Each woman and man shall be fairer than snow.
 Unto purity's pledge there are thousands now true,
 A nation of honor we're making for you.

(*Chorus join her in singing very softly one verse
 of "Whiter than Snow."*)

Sophie.—

There are other sheep, they're not of this fold,
 Who come to this land by the hundreds, we're told ;
 From homes far across the waters so blue,
 For kindly protection they're coming to you ;
 They find here a foe, this fierce King Alcohol,
 Who seeks in his bondage each one to enthrall.
 But I meet them as soon as they come to our land,
 With words full of cheer and a sisterly hand ;
 Whatever their language, whatever their state,
 I earnestly warn 'gainst the drunkard's sad fate.

Chorus ("America").—

Now let us gayly sing,
 We'll conquer this fierce king,
 Drive him away ;
 Tell it from sea to sea,
 Our nation must be free,
 Yes, never more to be
 'Neath his vile sway.

(*Repeat, very softly.*)

*Afric (pointing to Georgia, a colored boy who
 steps beside her).—*

I care for the people in bondage so long,
 And prevent the dread king from doing them wrong :
 Gladly he'd bind them with rum's galling chain,
 But they shall not suffer in fetters again.

Georgia ("Suwanee Ribber").—

No, not upon de colored people—
 Can rum hold sway,
 Let bells ring out from eb'ry steeple—
 We'll help you win de day.

(*Chorus join him, softly clapping hands in time.*)

CHO.—All dis worl' am sad an' dreary,
Eb'ry whar I roam,
O brudders, how my heart grows weary,
Rum is de curse ob de home.

But now a better time is comin',
Hark, hear de news;
We'll send King Alcohol a-hummin',
He'll hab to change his views.—CHO.

Matilda (coming forward quickly, note-book and pencil in hand).—

Your attention, I pray,
There is great work to-day;
Now each one must heed my call;
To his post, every one,
And before set of sun,
We conquer King Alcohol.

I have charge of the Press
And I gladly confess
That newspapers come by the score;
Yes, from every state,
'Tis the finger of Fate,
King Alcohol soon is no more.

(*Children group themselves around Mrs. W. C. T. U., looking upward for her directions.*)

Mrs. W.—

Quick, children, and fly,
Seek power from on high,
Remember God's promises true,
He strengthens the hand,
He rules every land,
His Spirit will carry you through.

(They pass from stage by twos, Matilda leading, followed by Evangel, Educia, Equality, Sophie, Afric, Josephine, B. of H. and L. T. L.

U. S. ("Yankee Doodle").—

Now I guess I'd better go
Look up this transaction,
See what's all this fuss about,
Who creates the faction.

(He turns to pass out, but is met by Senator Moneybags, and stops.)

Senator, now can you tell,
What's the fuss and chatter?
What has Alcohol now done?
Tell me what's the matter.

Senator M.—Matter! It is time you returned to your post of duty, for we are besieged; the best people of our country, sir, are dissatisfied, and we must effect a compromise of some kind; they demand the expulsion of King Alcohol; several states have already driven him from their borders; all classes of people are refusing to buy his drinks, and if this state of affairs continues he will starve to death.

U. S.—I am beginning to think that it is only a question of time when he must go. You see the children, even, are against him.

S. M.—Ah! All respect to you, sir, but I see you have been talking with Mrs. W. C. T. U.; her theories may be good enough, but this bag needs the King's revenue.

Dolores, the drunkard's daughter, enters and sings.

(Tune—“Where is my Wandering Boy To-night?”)

Why am I homeless here to-night,
Without a father's care,
Why has my life not a ray of light,
Not even a mother's prayer?

CHO. (Mrs. W. joins in the Chorus.)—

Oh, why am I homeless to-night?
Oh, why am I homeless to-night?
The streets o'erflow with strong drink, I know,
And so I am homeless to-night.

Once father was good and pure and true,
And he loved my mother dear,
Drink made him bad, drink licensed by you,
And he spends his all for beer.—*CHO.*

(*Looking upward with clasped hands.*)

O mother dear, in heaven bright,
 Look down on your little one,
 O take me with you to realms of light,
 To live with the Righteous One.—CHO.

(*To U. S.*)

O tell me, now, can you still license the drink,
 When it makes the children sad,
 When it sends men over destruction's brink,
 And it makes them all so bad?—CHO.

U. S. (wiping his eyes. "Yankee Doodle").—

Little one, I'm very sad,
 I will try to cheer you,
 Policy I'll cast away,
 And honor I'll adhere to.
 Senator, I really care
 Little for your fretting.
 What is revenue to me?
 Truth we are forgetting.

People all shall find in me
 Very sure protection,
 And King Alcohol must go
 Into strict subjection.
 Yes, indeed, I really care,—etc.

Senator (angrily).—Very well, sir ; I wash my hands of this business. Good-day. (*Bows himself out.*)

Matilda (rushing in excitedly).—

Good news, good news, I bring ;
 Let all the nation sing !
 All over our broad land,
 The people in a band,
 Made laws against the king ;
 He could n't do a thing,
 And so of grief he died—
 This king who has defied
 Our work and pledge so long ;
 And now with happy song
 We'll shout o'er him to-day,
 And hail the better way.

(Young men bring in bottles, jugs, wine-glasses, beer-mugs, saloon signs, etc., and pile them on the stage. The children and Mrs. W. C. T. U.'s daughters enter by twos and form a semicircle back of the pile. U. S. stands at one side and Mrs. W. at the other. As they enter all begin to sing with Mrs. W.)

(Tune—"Hold the Fort.")

Ho, ye people, hear the story,
Shout it loud and clear!
Nevermore need home or nation
This old king to fear.

CHO.—Ring, ye bells, and tell the story !
Jesus reigns, our King!
For we've driven out the demon ;
Now we gladly sing.

See, we bury all his treasures,
'Neath the papers strong
That have fought our battles bravely,—
Fought them, oh, so long.—CHO.

(Ten of the girls, led by Matilda, cover the pile with copies of the Union Signal, Oak and Ivy Leaf, Young Crusader and other temperance papers.)

Bury them 'neath woman's ballot,

(Equality scatters ballots.)

And the school-books, too ;

(Educia lays temperance text-books on the pile.)

Bury them 'neath children's pledges
Not to sell or brew.—CHO.

(B. of H. and L. T. L. scatter pledges over them.)

Let the negroes and the nations
From across the sea,
Help to bury them forever,
Help our land to free.—CHO.

(*Afric, Georgia and Sophie cast ballots and literature upon the pile.*)

Bury them 'neath White Cross leaflets,
(*Josephine throws leaflets.*)

And the Gospel Light;

(*Evangel places the open Bible on top of the pile.*)

Bury here these old deceivers,
Bury them from sight.—CHO.

U. S. (To Mrs. W. "Yankee Doodle").—

Madam, let me here affirm,
 You I'll help quite boldly;
If a subject says a word,
 Him I will treat coldly.
Ever by you I will stand;
 You have saved the nation,
When it came near being lost
 By my hesitation.

(*To children.*)

Children, you have worked so well,
 Thanks to you I tender.
Efforts now in your defense
 Uncle Sam will render.
I'll help b̄ ry want and woe,
 Crime and destitution,
With a strict Amendment to
 The National Constitution.

(*He now places on the pile a scroll supposed to be the National Amendment. All clap hands and sing.*)

(Tune—"Hold the Fort.")

Ho, ye people, hear the story,
 Shout it loud and clear!
Nevermore need home or nation
 This old king to fear.

CHO.—Ring, ye bells, and tell the story !
 Jesus reigns, our King !
For we've driven out the tempter ;
 Now we gladly sing.

AN ACROSTIC EXERCISE.

MRS. N. E. DOW.

[*Each child bears a card having on it the required letter, which he turns into view as he speaks.*]

T is for Tippler; though safe he may think,
He is marching on surely to ruin's brink.

E is for Eden, the place of no sin.
Where all were happy till the serpent crept in.

M is for Mother, who pleads with all men
To vote 'gainst the rum-seller and close up his den.

P is for Poison which liquors contain,
It weakens the body and ruins the brain.

E is for Evil the license laws bring,
Out of which nothing but trouble can spring.

R is for Rum-Seller, who stays in his den
And gets all his money from poor foolish men.

A is for Army, to which we belong,
We fight for the right and frown down the wrong.

N is for Nation, and one so grand
Should firmly for temperance now take a stand.

C is for Children, an innocent band,
Who are working 'gainst license all over the land.

E is for Each of us who is fighting the foe,
And we surely shall conquer. *The dram shop must go!*

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR CORN?

ALICE M. GUERNSEY.

[*Characters—five boys and two girls.*]

Fred.—Well, now, see here, boys! It's no use talking! Something's got to be done with the nineteen million bushels of grain that are made into liquor every year. That's a pretty big pile for the farmers of this country to throw away!

John.—That's a fact, Fred. It's very well to talk about prohibition and all that sort of thing, but there's got to be something more than talk to make a new grain market.

Fred.—Of course there has! Why, there's corn, for instance. About fourteen million bushels of it go to the distilleries every year. It brings about twenty-five cents a bushel, or the snug little sum of \$3,500,000. Talk about taxes caused by liquor-selling! Three and a half million dollars will do *something* toward paying them, I should say.

(Enter James.)

James.—What's the question, boys? You two look as if you'd settled it to your own satisfaction, at any rate.

Will.—Fred and John are trying to make us believe that if the breweries and distilleries were closed, there would be so much corn we should n't know what to do with it.

James.—Well, you don't believe that nonsense, I hope.

Hal (*hesitatingly*).—Well—no—not exactly, but we can't prove he's wrong.

Fred.—Oh, your father's a Prohibitionist and

your mother's a W. C. T. U., and of course you think you know all about it. Just tell me, will you, what we should do with fourteen million extra bushels of corn a year?

James.—Do with it? Why, make it into bread to feed the poor children that now go starving.

Hal.—That's so.

Fred.—Pooh! there's enough to do that, now. Nobody need starve in this country if he's got any gumption. If he's well he can work; and if he's sick there are a host of societies to take care of him. Try again.

James.—Well, it would bring prices down, if there were more grain in the market, and that would certainly be a relief to poor people.

John.—But the farmers don't consider themselves called on to be benefactors to the human race to the extent of giving away such an amount of cash. They'll slightly object to your plan, my friend.

(Enter *Mary* and *Kate*.)

Mary.—What plan is that, boys?

Hal.—Give us some real, good arguments, Mary, against sending corn to the distilleries.

Will.—Not anti-drunkard-making, but something on the money line. Fred and John think we can't afford to shut up the distilleries, because so much extra grain would be on our hands.

Kate.—Oh, Mary's ready for you! She's been reading up on that question, and was just telling me about it as we came in.

Mary.—It strikes me as a pretty small matter to make a fuss about.

John.—A small matter! Fourteen million bushels of corn, for instance, sounds quite large, to me.

Mary (stepping to the blackboard).—Well, let's see.

(*Blackboard Work.*)

14 million bush. corn	=	1 bush. to $5\frac{1}{4}$ acres.
" "	"	= 1 bush. to 138 of total amt.
" "	"	= 3 bush. per farmer.
" "	"	= Loss of about \$.75 per farmer.

There! It does n't divide up so alarmingly, you see. A loss of one bushel from the crop of five and a quarter acres is n't *very* terrible.

James.—I should say not. Especially when you balance it with the taxes caused by the use of liquor, which everybody has to help pay.

Fred.—That sounds well, Mary. But you forget that the loss would n't be divided among all the farmers. It's mostly those who have big fields who sell the grain to the brewers and distillers.

Kate.—Well, if they have big fields and crops, they are better able to stand the loss, are n't they?

Mary.—There need not be any loss. Farmers need only add one hog to every forty-four that they keep now, or one head to every hundred head of stock, to eat up all the distillery corn.

Will.—I read the other day, that an average whisky-drinker drinks about twenty-nine and a half gallons a year, and that it takes not quite seven bushels of corn to make that amount of whisky.

Mary.—And it takes a little more than seven times seven bushels to feed a beef from the time the calf begins to eat corn until the animal is ready for market. The whisky costs over seventy dollars a year, and that would buy all the beef a medium-sized family would eat in a year.

Hal.—So the question amounts to about this:

Which pays better, to make a man a brute and his wife and children miserable, by putting one bushel of corn into whisky, or to put seven bushels into beef? I'll go to raising beef when I'm a farmer.

John.—I know one thing. If I were a farmer. I should be mad at having to send my cattle that had eaten good, honest corn, to the same market with those that had been fattened on miserable distillery slops. I don't believe such meat is fit to eat. The distillery can fatten cattle cheaper, of course, and so the farmer loses money on his, there. I should n't wonder if that makes up for profits on the corn he sold to the distiller.

Fred.—I move we adjourn this discussion to another time. I'm not convinced—not quite—but you've set me to thinking.

Mary.—All right. Let me suggest, moreover, that one good use of corn is to "make starch to stiffen backbones."

PLAYING MAMMA.

ALICE M. GUERNSEY.

[*Characters—five girls and one boy.*]

Fannie.—Girls, let's play something new. I'm tired of dolls.

May.—So am I. What shall we play?

Fannie.—Let's play be mammas. You be Katie's mamma, May, and I'll be Fred's, and we'll do just as our mammas do.

May.—All right. Here comes Callie. Let's have her play, too. Say, Callie, you be a W. C. T. U. woman, won't you?

Callie.—'Course I will! See my white ribbon? Who's going to be my little girl?

Grace.—I will, Callie.

Katie.—No, let me, Grace.

May.—No, no, Katie, you be my little girl, and let Grace belong to Callie because she's a Legioner.

Katie.—Well, what shall I do?

Fannie.—Fred and I'll have our house over in the corner, and you take the sofa, Callie, and May can have the bay-window. You begin, Callie.

Callie.—Well, I'm going to fix my house, first, and you fix yours, and then I'll send Grace over to your house on an errand.

(*They work busily for a few minutes, re-arranging chairs, etc.*)

Callie.—Grace, don't you want to go over to Mrs. Fannie's and Mrs. May's, and see if you can't get Fred and Katie to go to the Legion meeting this afternoon?

Grace.—Yes, ma'am. (*She goes across the room and knocks at "the door."*)

Fannie.—Fred, go to the door.

Grace.—Hallo, Freddie! My mamma says won't you go to the Temperance Legion with me this afternoon?

Fred.—I don't know. I'll ask mamma. Say, mamma, can I go with Grace?

Fannie.—Go where? Where are you going, Grace?

Grace.—To the Loyal Temperance Legion. We go every Saturday, and have *just the best time*.

Fannie.—What do you do there?

Grace.—Oh, we sing, and have lessons and sign the pledge.

Fannie.—Sign the pledge? No, Fred, you can't go a step (*shaking her head very gravely*). I don't believe in children signing the pledge.

Fred.—Oh, mamma, do let me go. They have such good times!

Fannie (severely).—Fred, stop teasing! You can't go, I tell you. Children don't know enough to sign the pledge. They're sure to break it.

Grace.—I'm so sorry, Mrs. Fannie, but my mamma'll come to talk with you, and you'll *have* to believe her, because she always tells the truth. Good-by. (*Turns away and goes to the bay-window.*)

May.—Oh, Grace is coming, Katie. I guess she's coming to see you. You run and meet her.

Katie.—Come in, Grace. Come and see my new dollie.

Grace.—I can't stop now, Katie, 'cause my mamma sent me on an errand. Mrs. May, can't Katie go to the Legion with me?

May.—Oh, no, Grace, I can not let her go running round so. If she had her way, she'd go to the "Legion," and the "Merry Gleaners," and the children's prayer-meeting, and everything. But she goes to Kindergarten, and takes music lessons, and must go to the dress-maker's at least once a week, because I'm having her spring suits made, and she has a dozen invitations to parties for this very week, and I would n't have her so rude as not to eat the wine jelly she'll be sure to have there, for anything.

Katie.—Mamma, I don't care anything about those old parties. They are n't half so nice as where Grace goes. I *do* wish you'd let me go with her.

May.—Don't let me hear any more of such talk, my child. You must go to parties, or you'll never grow up to be a stylish woman.

Grace.—I'll tell my mamma, Mrs. May, and I 'most know she'll come to talk to you. (*Runs back*)

to Callie.) Oh, mamma, it's perfectly dreadful ! Mrs. Fannie says Freddie can't sign the pledge 'cause he would n't keep it—but he would, wouldn't he ?—and Katie May has to have so many dresses, and go to so many parties that she don't have any time to be a temperance girl, and you'll go and talk to them, won't you, mamma?

Callie.—Yes, I'll go right off. (*Crosses the room.*) Good morning, Mrs. May. Grace says you won't let Katie go to the Loyal Temperance Legion, because she has to go to so many parties. Now, I want to tell about what I think. May I ?

May.—Why, certainly, Mrs. Callie. I shall be very glad to hear.

Callie.—Then I think *my* little girl will grow up to be a better woman (that's the way *my* mamma talks) if she learns the things that such nice folks as Miss Willard and Miss Gordon want her to learn. I'm going to take the CRUSADER for her *always*, and I think it's *dreadful* for her to eat wine sauce, because it will make her like the taste of wine, and perhaps she'll be a real drinking woman one of these days. Now, you'll let her come, won't you, Mrs. May ?

May.—Yes, of course I will, and I'll sign the pledge and be a W. C. T. U., too.

Callie.—Good ! now I'll go to see about Freddie. Good morning, Mrs. Fannie. I know Fred would keep the pledge if you'd let him sign, because there are ever so many boys in our Legion who do keep it, and they are awfully tempted to drink, too.

Fannie.—Why, yes, I guess he may as well, for I'm 'most afraid he'll be a drinking man if he don't learn better soon. Oh, come on, girls, let's play something else, now. Let's go out and swing.

All.—So I say. Come on ! (*They run off.*)

THAT NEW BRAND.

ALICE M. GUERNSEY.

Harry.—Come on, Fred, let's go down to Dutcher's and get some of his new cigars! Jack says they're prime.

Fred.—What's the brand?

Harry.—I don't know. King James, or Queen Somebody or other, I guess.

Fred.—I'm afraid of that kind.

Harry.—Well, that's a good one! Who ever knew you afraid of any kind of cigars, before?

Fred.—I've been reading a tobacco paper, and I've got my eyes open. No more cigars for me, unless they have a red and yellow label.

Harry.—Well, please enlighten a fellow. I'd like to know what the label has to do with it. It's easy enough to put *that* on any kind of a box.

Fred.—Lots of these cigars, my friend, are made in tenement houses; this is the kind of places those are (*Draws a newspaper from his pocket and reads*): “Many of the cigars in common use are made up in tenement houses, which are filthy and vile beyond description; houses where the rooms are hardly more than closets, fourteen or fifteen persons occupying two rooms, with no proper ventilation or sewerage; the air is charged with foul odors from close courts, open drains, or neighboring factories. There is no regard for cleanliness of dwelling or person; even disease and death cause scarcely a ripple on this dark, terrible current.”

Harry.—Whew! That is rather a tough showing! But then those are the cheap things that we would n't think of buying.

Fred.—No, that's the bother of it! This paper

says (*reads again*), "They are sold almost exclusively in the fashionable hotels, bars, barber-shops, drug-stores and cigar-stands, put up in the most expensive, seductive and tempting style. They retail at prices ranging from 5 to 15 cents each."

(Enter Frank.)

Harry.—Well, what about your red and yellow kind? How are they any better?

Fred.—Oh, they are warranted to be neat and clean. This same paper says that these other cigars "are sent broadcast over the land, dealing out disease to the unfortunate consumers."

Frank.—Talking of tobacco, are you, boys? Have you found a kind that does n't bring disease? Let me read a newspaper slip (*reads*): "At an examination held in Massachusetts the other day, of candidates for admission to West Point, 75 per cent were rejected on the physical test, because of heart troubles produced by the use of tobacco in the form of cigars or cigarettes." Seems to me that's enough to make one think twice before using the vile stuff.

Fred.—Oh, Frank, everybody knows you're a fanatic on this subject. Why can't you take a broader view of things? Now, I suppose you'd utterly condemn this tobacco paper; but I can prove to you that it looks at things from a high moral standpoint. Hear this (*reads*): "The prohibition of the employment of children under fourteen years, and the regulation of employment of females and minors in factories, are issues to which we should devote our time and agitation. The successful advance of the cause of labor in the near future depends a great deal upon the physical and mental development of the rising generation." You see they are far-sighted and care for something more than their own in-

terest. I do think you temperance folks are so narrow.

Frank.—Yes! That sounds well! See here, young man! Do you know that doctors say that the use of tobacco dwarfs a boy physically, making his bones weak and rendering it impossible for him to become the well-developed man that he should? (*Enter Kate and Florence.*) Do you know that the Legislatures of New Hampshire, Illinois, Massachusetts, and other states, have forbidden the sale of tobacco to minors, because they see that children who use it will not make the kind of citizens that a state wants? Do you know that its use by boys is forbidden in France and other European countries on the principle of self-preservation being a duty of the state? And who are the best scholars in our school? They say it is a fact that "no user of tobacco has ever taken first honors at Harvard."

Kate.—And what neat girl or woman, think you, can *endure* to walk on the streets or sit in the cars with those who use tobacco? I tell you we only do it because we can't help ourselves. If you boys had n't lost all real politeness by your devotion to tobacco, you'd remember other people have rights which even a tobacco-user *ought* to respect:

Florence.—We must hurry on, Kate. I've just one parting shot to fire. We learn that some of the boys in this village are wondering why the girls won't go out to parties and concerts nowadays. Perhaps you may like to hear that almost every one of the girls you know belongs to our Anti-Tobacco League, and you don't catch us having any more to do than we can possibly help, with a boy who uses tobacco. (*They pass out.*)

Frank (clapping his hands).—Good, girls! Capital!

Fred.—Well, if the girls are against us, we may as well give in. What do you say, Harry? shall we give it up, red and yellow and all?

Harry.—I'll agree to stop smoking as long as you will, Fred.

Fred.—All right! Frank shall be the witness! I know I can stop now. I confess I'm not sure how it may be a year hence. Come, let's go down to the post-office. (*The boys walk off arm-in-arm.*)

THEN AND NOW.

PART I.

The Boys of '76.

SCENE I.—A crowd of boys on Boston Common, assembled round their skating-pond.

George.—Here it is again, boys. The ice is all broken in by the redcoats. We shall have fun to-day.

James.—I wish we were not boys. If I were big enough to carry a sword and a musket, I would drive them out of the land faster than Neighbor Tuft's dog ever went out of father's store.

George.—And what if we are boys? I, for one, have no mind to bear this treatment any longer,

All.—Right, George, right.

James.—But what can we do?

George.—I'll tell you. Form a line of march, and with drum and fife and colors, wait upon General Gage at his tent, and tell him we will not be insulted by British soldiers, or any other soldiers.

All.—Hurra! hurra! hurra!

(*A short pause, and then again the whole Common rings with their cheers.*)

SCENE II.—General Gage's Headquarters. A sentinel pacing before the tent, with a gun over his shoulder. Noise of drum and fife at a distance.

Sentinel.—What in the name of wonder can that be? Are they up in arms again, in this rascally town? A troop of a hundred boys, as I live! An Indian painted on their flag, and no sign of the English Cross. Oh! the land is full of rebellion! It is full of it, and running over.

(*The boys halt in front of the tent, and George, with the standard in his hands, approaches the sentinel.*)

George.—Is General Gage at home?

Sentinel.—Who are you?

George.—We come for our rights; and we wish to speak to the British general.

Sentinel.—The British general has better business than listening to a parcel of ragamuffin little rebels. I shall carry none of your messages.

George.—As you please, sir! but here we wait till we see General Gage. We will him; and he shall do us justice.

All.—Hurra! hurra! hurra!

Sentinel.—That, you little rascals, would be to hang you, and your cowardly countrymen. I suppose you are making all this fuss about the dirty little pond on the Common, that does n't, at the best, hold water enough to fill a sizable Dutch milk-pan.

All.—Cowards, do you call us? Say it again, if you dare!

(*General Gage and one of his aids step out.*)

General.—What is the matter here? Why is this disturbance?

George.—General Gage, we come to complain of the insults and the outrages of your soldiers. They break our kite-strings, ruin our skating-pond, and steal our drums from us. We have

spoken more than once to no purpose ; and now we come to say that we can not and we *will* not endure it any longer.

General (aside to his aid).—Good Heavens ! Liberty is in the very air, and the boys breathe it.

(*To the boys.*) Go, my brave lads ; you have the word of General Gage that your sports shall never be disturbed again without punishment to the offender. Does that satisfy you ?

George.—Yes, sir ; and in the name of my company I present you thanks.

General.—No thanks. You are English boys ; I see plainly you are English boys.

All.—No, sir ! Yankees, Yankees ! Hurra ! hurra !

(*The drum strikes up, and the little band march off with flying colors.*)

—Selected.

PART II.

The Girls of '86.

MRS. E. D. HARN.

(*Girls enter, singing Yankee Doodle. Boston boys halt with astonishment and wonder.*)

Claude.—What in the name of wonder can that be ?

Robert.—A troop of girls, as I live ! Each one carrying a broom on her shoulder.

Edward.—What's that painted on the brooms ? W. C. T. U. What does it mean, any way ? Oh, I know. It means the women will see to you. Now, I wonder what's going to happen, anyhow.

(*Girls halt in front of Boston boys and go through an exercise of calisthenics with brooms.*)

The leader of the exercise stands in front, counting the time. When through, she turns and addresses the boys.)

Laura.—Is Mr. Yankee Doodle at home?

Clarence.—Who are you, any way?

Zella.—Before that question is answered, let me ask who you are?

Clarence.—We are the brave Boston boys of 1776. The boys who gave you this great, free country! (*With a flourish of the hands.*)

Laura.—And we are the American girls of 1886. We have come to you for our rights as you went to King George and General Gage for your rights; and we wish to speak to Mr. Yankee Doodle.

Clarence.—Mr. Yankee Doodle has better business than listening to a parcel of ragamuffin little girls who ought to be at home dressing their dolls, rocking the cradles for their mothers, and scrubbing the kitchen floor with those brooms they carry. I shall bear none of your messages.

Madge.—Just as you please, sir. But here we wait till we see Mr. Yankee Doodle. We *will* see him; and he *shall* do us justice.

Archie.—Do you justice! Who ever heard tell of a girl wanting justice! Why, she has n't got brains enough in her foolish little pate to fill the silver thimble of Mrs. General Tom Thumb. I suppose you are making all this fuss about the taxes we make you pay. You will want to vote, next, so you can say how the money shall be spent.

All the girls (with vehemence, stepping quickly forward and pointing with the finger or broom).—Fools, do you call us? Say that again, if you dare!

(*Mr. Yankee Doodle steps out.*)

Mr. Yankee Doodle.—What is the matter here? Why is all this disturbance?

Laura.—Mr. Yankee Doodle, we are American girls of 1886, and we come to complain of the insults and the outrages of our countrymen.

Sir, they class us with lunatics, idiots, paupers and criminals. The Boston boys complained that the British soldiers broke their kite-strings. We are here to complain that you break our purse-strings. Every year you filch from us our hard earnings, and, sir, when we ask why you do this, you tell us to “away to our cradles and kitchiens.” You ruin our homes by your high-license laws. You steal from our mothers their infant babes by your cruel codes. Your legalized saloons rob us of our fathers, our brothers and our lovers, and send us, instead, men crazed with rum. True, the tax-money of your saloon-keepers supports our public schools, but what good does *that* do us when it takes the clothes from our backs and the shoes from our feet? We can not master the higher branches on hungry stomachs, or deepen the convolutions of our brains when the frost pinches our naked toes. We have sent you petition after petition for better laws. You have answered them by rolling these petitions into paper balls, and flinging them at each other like so many silly school boys. You have even made foot-balls of our most solemn, earnest prayers, and booted them down the stairs of your Legislative halls in contemptuous glee. Again and again we have asked for justice, but to no purpose. And now we have to say we *can not* and *will not* endure it any longer. Sir, we demand now the right of every freeman—the right to make our own laws.

Mr. Yankee Doodle.—Good heavens! These girls of 1886 talk like the men of 1776. Liberty and common sense is in the very air, and the girls breathe it. The tidal wave of the second revolution is rising, and I see that we must mete out justice to all mankind or the ship of state will go under the billows.

Go, my girls! you have God's truth and justice on your side, and you have the word of your Uncle Sam that justice shall be done you. Does that satisfy you?

Laura.—Yes, Uncle Sam, and in the name of all your nieces I present you thanks.

Mr. Yankee Doodle.—No thanks. You are intelligent girls; you are American girls.

All.—No, sir, not American girls. We are American citizens.

(*Boys and girls march out.*)

“WHERE IS THY BROTHER?”

L. T. G. AND A. M. G.

“And the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother? And he said, I know not: am I my brother's keeper? And he said, What hast thou done? The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground.”

[The numbered stanzas should be given by a single voice, the replies by persons in different parts of the audience.]

I.

Comes from the darkness a questioning drear,
In the night-watches its tones shalt thou hear.
When the bright glory floods hillside and vale,
Borne on the wings of the morning's first gale,
Comes to thee still, like a mourner's sad wail,—
“Where is thy brother?”

Go plead for thy brother ; oh, not in derision
 I bid thee God-speed on thy glorious mission.
 For me, single-handed, I'm sower and reaper—
 Let me not be branded—must I be his keeper ?

II.

Toiling, indeed, with a sturdy endeavor,
 Aye, thou shalt reap but the fruit of thy labor.
 Careless, unheeding thy God-given trust,
 Groveling vainly for perishing dust,
 Lo, on thy treasures the canker and rust !
 “Where is thy brother ?”

We're young, and our life is a joy and a treasure,
 Our time is devoted to fashion and pleasure.
 We're gay as the gayest, with never a weeper—
 We care not for others, for we're not their keeper.

III.

O sisters, a voice in your revel and mirth
 Calls, “Where is thy brother ?”
 Comes there a wail from the echoing earth,
 “Where is thy brother ?”
 Wasting the hours that in mercy were sent ye,
 Banishing care with this burning nepenthe,
 How have ye squandered the time that was lent ye,
 Nor cared for your brother.

My business engrosses my time and my treasure :
 I've banking, and trading, and bills beyond measure.
 I've a moneyless tenant, a poor, drunken sleeper,
 Will you call him my brother, and make me his keeper ?

IV.

Living for gain, by thine own weak confessions,
 Pauper thou art in thy boasted possessions ;
 Forging the chains that to earth-life have bound thee,
 Passing, unheeded, the soul-wealth around thee,
 Wealth that forever and aye would have crowned thee—
 “Where is thy brother ?”

I've a fortune to gain by my skillful endeavor—
 I must win favor now, or lose it forever.
 My devious way make not rougher or steeper
 By pointing my brother to me as his keeper.

V.

Binding the burdens too great to be borne,
 All for thy brother;
 Lifting no finger, at even or morn,
 In helping thy brother;
 Coward thou art ! in thy seeking for wealth,
 Eagerly grasping for perishing pelf,
 Caring for naught but to benefit self—
 “Where is thy brother ? ”

Oh, life is to me but a burden and sorrow,
 With toils for the day, and cares for the morrow.
 The calls upon “mother” come louder and deeper,
 Of home-treasures only can I be the keeper.

VI.

O woman, so rich in thy birthright of love,
 Heed ye, oh ! heed ye, the voice from above.
 “Keeper,” indeed, unto him thou must be,
 Guarding from sin by thy love’s ministry.
 Spurn not the treasure intrusted to thee.
 But care for thy brother.

To money or pleasure no moment I’m giving,
 The life of the student’s the life I am living.
 Excelsior my motto, be it rougher or steeper,
 I hasten, nor stay to be any one’s keeper.

VII.

Question I thee while thy pale vigil keeping,
 “Where is thy brother ? ”
 Still shall it haunt thee, while waking or sleeping,
 “Where is thy brother ? ”
 Up ! Lo, the harvest-fields whiten before thee,
 Bright is the sun in his noon tide of glory ;
 Trusting the future, with God watching o’er thee,
 Oh, save thy brother !

Away with your nonsense ! so piously naming
 To us who are bent on our fortune and gaming.
 Go preach your religion where labor is cheaper.
 We care for ourselves, but we’re nobody’s keeper !

VIII.

Oh, can ye join in this madness and crime ?
 Make worse than wasted your youth's golden prime ?
 Heed not the cry of the demon so fell !
 Break ye away from his wizard-like spell !
 Rise in your manhood, stand nobly and well—
 A band of true brothers !

IX.

Thus, unto all comes the questioning word,
 “ Where is thy brother ? ”
 Ye can not neglect it, its voice will be heard—
 “ Where is thy brother ? ”
 God, the All-Powerful, speaks from the sky,
 Swiftly His judgment e'en now draweth nigh.
 Each for himself to the voice must reply—
 “ Where is thy brother ? ”

X.

Cold lies the dead in his pitiless shroud—
 “ Where is thy brother ? ”
 The voice of thy brother's blood crieth aloud—
 “ Where is thy brother ? ”
 Weakly conniving, in blindness of heart,
 In his deep sinning must thou bear a part !
 Verily guilty of his blood thou art—
 “ Where is thy brother ? ”



THE TABLES TURNED.

ALICE M. GUERNSEY.

[SCENE I.—A parlor. Mrs. Randolph writing. Enter Cook.]

Cook.—Mrs. Haven, mem, if you plaze.

Mrs. R.—Yes, what is it, cook ?

Cook.—It's not that you're not a kind mistress, mem. The wages is good, not to say company is allowed once a week, and Tuesday evenings always out ; but there are some things flesh and blood can't stand, mem, no more they can't, and I hain't no patience with such doings, and if you

plaze to suit yourself, mem, with two weeks' warnin'—

Mrs. R.—Why, cook, what is the matter?

Cook.—Some can abide meddlin' with, mem, and some can't; and if the barrel of mackerel sets on the wrong shelf, and the sugar boxes ain't kept covered proper, it's the mistress should tell me of it, and not the masther. And if Mr. Randolph wants me to cook, mem, well an' good, but I won't stay in the same kitchen.
(Exit cook.)

[SCENE II.—The kitchen. Mr. Randolph, with his coat off, in the act of moving a tub. Enter Mrs. Randolph.]

Mr. R. (without looking up).—You see, Bridget, this is the worst possible place that the thing could stand in, and—why, Mrs. Randolph, is it you?

Mrs. R.—Yes. I thought you had gone to your office, Henry.

Mr. R.—I am going, presently; but you see, Mary, everything down here is at sixes and sevens. It's well I come down occasionally. Bridget puts everything where it should n't be. My dear, have you looked over the grocer's bill for the last month?

Mrs. R.—No, I have not. It only came an hour ago.

Mr. R.—Well, it's quite alarming. There must be a leak somewhere.

Mrs. R.—I will see to it.

Mr. R.—But you *don't* see to it, my dear. I shall dismiss Bridget this morning, and you must look after the kitchen till I can get somebody that will do better.

(Mrs. R. turns to go out, looking much annoyed.)

Mr. R.—Mary, have you seen my memorandum book?

Mrs. R.—No, I have not. Probably you will find it on the pantry shelf, or under the washing machine.

Mr. R.—Now, Mary, you are out of temper!

Mrs. R.—Henry, you don't know how it mortifies and annoys me to have you interfere in my domestic affairs.

Mr. R.—Are n't we a firm—Henry Randolph and wife—and are not our interests identical?

Mrs. R.—Yes, but Henry Randolph has his department, and his wife ought to have hers.

Mr. R.—That's all nonsense, my dear!

Mrs. R.—Henry, will you oblige me by leaving these domestic concerns to my own management?

Mr. R.—I would do much to oblige you, my dear, but I shall never agree to being shut out of the kitchen in my own house.

(*Exit Mr. R., enter Bridget.*)

B.—Plaze, mem, I found this little black book behind the flour-barrel.

Mrs. R. (taking the book).—Thank you, Bridget. It is Mr. Randolph's. (*Exit Bridget.* *Mrs. R. looks over the book and reads aloud.*) “See Osgood and Daley about renting the 12th St. house for a saloon; let them have it for \$1,200;” “Call at Adams's and order green oil-cloth instead of buff for office floor;” “Remind clerk not to settle tailor's bill—alteration to be made first;” “Go halves with Jordan on those cases of French brandy;” “Drum up Williams to send the boxes of cigars ordered a week ago.”

Mrs. R.—I'm very glad Bridget found this book. Let me see (*looking at her watch*), there will be plenty of time. If I mistake not, I'll teach two good lessons at once. (*Exit Mrs. R.*)

[SCENE III.—The library. Writing materials on the table. Mrs. R. reads.]

MESSRS. OSGOOD & DALEY, SIRS :—The house on 12th St. can not for any consideration be rented for a saloon. I prefer it should stand unoccupied forever. You are doubtless aware that it belongs to me.

Yours truly, MRS. HENRY RANDOLPH.

MR. ADAMS, SIR :—Mr. Randolph will take the buff oil-cloth for the office floor. Please send it around immediately.

Yours truly,

MARY E. RANDOLPH.

MR. T. B. GREER, DEAR SIR :—Inclosed find check for \$40.00. Please send receipt for my bill, and oblige,

Yours, HENRY RANDOLPH.

Per MRS. R.

MR. J. B. JORDAN, Importer of French liquors, SIR :—I am authorized to state that Mr. Randolph will take no share in the invoice of French brandy, as suggested last week.

Yours, MRS. M. E. RANDOLPH.

F. K. WILLIAMS, DEAR SIR :—You need not send the boxes of cigars ordered a week ago. Mr. Randolph's physician directs him to give up smoking, and he has decided to do so.

Yours truly,

MRS. MARY E. RANDOLPH.

There ! But I don't think I have done quite enough ! I'll go down to the office now and turn things round and rearrange the law books.

[SCENE IV.—Office of Osgood & Daley. Enter Mr. R.]

Mr. O.—Good-morning, Mr. Randolph. So that 12th St. lease touches Madam, does it ?

Mr. R.—What do you mean ?

Mr. O.—I have just received a peremptory letter from Mrs. Randolph saying the 12th St. house can not be rented for a saloon.

Mr. R.—Mrs. Randolph ! But, really, you know this is quite unbusiness-like !

Mr. O.—Well, it's a bit of woman's fussiness, but the property's undeniably hers.

Mr. R.—Yes, I suppose so. Good-morning, Mr. Osgood. (Exit Mr. R.)

[Scene V.—Office of Mr. Adams. Enter Mr. Randolph.]

Mr. A.—Good-morning, sir.

Mr. R.—Good-morning, Mr. Adams. I want to see about that carpeting.

Mr. A.—It's all right, sir. The oil-cloth is half down by this time. The buff pattern, sir! Mrs. Randolph ordered it some time since.

Mr. R.—The mischief, she did!

Mr. A.—I hope there's no mistake, sir.

Mr. R.—No (*turning away*). What *has* got into Mary? Is she crazy?

[Scene VI.—Store of Mr. Green. Enter Mr. Randolph.]

Mr. R. (angrily).—I'd like to know what you mean by sending home such garments. I won't wear them unless they are made over completely—nor will I pay the bill.

Mr. G.—Sir, you are aware that our rule is to make no alteration after the bill is settled.

Mr. R.—Very well! your bill is n't settled, and it won't be, either, in a hurry.

Mr. G. (referring to his books.)—Mrs. Randolph paid it, sir, this morning.

Mr. R.—Mrs. Randolph paid it! Well! (*turns to go out. Enter Mr. Jordan.*)

Mr. J.—Good-morning, Mr. Randolph.

Mr. R.—Good-morning. Suppose we clear up that business about the brandy. I don't think I can do better.

Mr. J.—Your decision comes rather late, Mr. Randolph. I signed a contract with Smith & Parker, half an hour ago.

Mr. R.—And by whose authority, pray, when I had the refusal?

Mr. J.—Mrs. Randolph's. She sent word this morning that you would have nothing to do with it.

Mr. R.—Whew !

[Scene VII.—Mr. William's store. Enter Mr. Randolph.]

Mr. R.—You're a pretty fellow to fill an order. Where are those cigars I ordered a week ago ?

Mr. W.—Your order was mislaid, Mr. Randolph, and then you countermanded it this morning.

Mr. R.—What do you mean ?

Mr. W.—Well, here's a letter from your wife telling us not to send the cigars, as the doctor orders you to stop smoking.

Mr. R.—The doctor ! Well, that's true enough ? But my wife—I think I will go and see Mrs. Randolph. (*Exit Mr. R.*)

[Scene VIII.—Mr. Randolph's office. Things in confusion. Mrs. R. arranging books. Enter Mr. R.]

Mrs. R.—Good-afternoon, Henry. "Jones vs. Brown"—he belongs on the pile. Really, Henry, the confusion of your papers is appalling.

Mr. R.—Confusion, Madam ! I tell you they were in the most perfect order !

Mrs. R.—Order ! I should think so ! All the important ones tucked away in the pigeon-holes, and these great books right round in the way. Thank me for the change. How do you like the new oil-cloth ?

Mr. R.—Mary, what do you mean by disarranging my business and turning my things topsy-turvy in this way ?

Mrs. R.—Are we not a firm—Henry Randolph and wife—and are not our interests identical ?

Mr. R.—Yes, we are a firm, but—

Mrs. R.—But you think Mr. Randolph has his department and his wife ought to have hers, do you ? Very well, I'll agree to that. And, honestly, now, are n't you glad I spoiled your little

deal in liquors and cigars? You know what the doctor said. Henry, won't you for my sake, let those two things entirely alone?

Mr. R.—I'm completely sold, Mary. You and the doctor are too much for me! I promise you I'll not interfere in the kitchen any more; and as for the other things—well, if you'll forgive a fellow for the past, this shall be the end of that business. I've felt mean about it, all along! Come, let's go home to dinner.

THE TWO ALTARS.*

The only accessories needed in the cantata are two altars, and a curtain to conceal the Oracle. The altars should be placed near opposite ends of the stage; they may easily be made of dry-goods boxes of uniform size, covered with white. On one is the inscription, "To all the gods," on the other, "To the Living God." On the latter rests a large open Bible. A curtain of dark cambric arranged around a semicircular hoop, so that it can readily be drawn, is placed at the back center of the stage. Behind this the Oracle is seated.

All the performers are dressed in white. The priestess wears a white veil; Flora's worshipers bear flowers in baskets, wreaths and garlands, and have their dresses trimmed with bright blossoms; Pomona's followers bring fruits, and are decked with green leaves; Feronia's votaries bring nuts, and wear garlands and decorations of autumn leaves, while the worshipers of Ceres offer grain, and are lavishly adorned with it. The Christian worshipers are in pure white, without ornaments of any kind.

Whenever the Oracle speaks, all bow their heads in reverence. The worshipers present their offerings to the priestess, who arranges the gifts upon the altar as they sing. After each chorus of praise, the band falls back to make room for the next. These bands may consist of two, three or four each, as is most convenient.

*This cantata, as originally published, was issued by the Universalist Publishing House, Boston. In its present form, it has been largely rewritten, to adapt it to other music. We have the kind permission of the owners of the original copyright to print it as here given.

ANNOUNCEMENT AND INVITATION OF THE
PRIESTESS.

[*Air—“O Come, Come Away.”*]

O come, come away,
From worldly care and pleasure,
Obey my call, and hasten all,
 On this happy day;
The gods have all agreed to meet
Their votaries at this mercy seat,
And hold communion sweet
 On this happy day.

Come, mortals, away !
To-day the gods are smiling :
They'll meet you here—you need not fear—
 They're now on their way.
O come and bring them offerings rare,
And lay them on this altar fair,
And blessings richly share,
 On this happy day.

ANNOUNCEMENT AND DIRECTION OF THE
ORACLE.

[*Air—“Home, Sweet Home.”*]

The hour for devotion, great Priestess, is near,
The gods have all promised to give us good
cheer,
If we on their altar rich offerings secure ;
Prepare, then, great Priestess, and make thy
work sure.

O speak words of promise, in accents of love,
For love is the treasure that purchases love ;
With kindness and wisdom each votary receive,
And teach them with gladness rich offerings to
give.

RESPONSE OF THE PRIESTESS.

[*Air—“Autumn.”*]

Lo ! I hear, most gracious goddess,
 And I bow before thy shrine,
 Ever heed thy words of wisdom,
 Which shall be a guide to mine.
 All thy precepts I will honor,
 Thy commands I will obey ;
 Love shall be the magic watchword
 Ruling all I do or say.

To thy worshipers who gather
 Here to pay their sacred vow,
 I will speak in loving accents.
 Lo ! they hasten onward now.
 From the mountains and the valleys,
 Maidens fair with garlands gay,
 Come to crown this sacred altar,
 And for Flora’s blessing pray.

SONG OF FLORA’S WORSHIPERS.

[*Air—“Sparkling and Bright.”*]

(Enter two or more, bearing floral offerings.)

Hither we come from our mountain home,
 We have heard thy call with pleasure ;
 We rejoice that the gods have united to bless
 All who bring the acceptable treasure.
 So we gathered flowers in the morning hours,
 With dewdrops brightly gleaming ;
 And we bring with care these blossoms fair,
 Our past neglects redeeming,

Priestess, O now we would pay our vow,
 The goddess of flowers addressing ;
 Unto Flora sing of the beauties of spring,
 And pray for her richest blessing.

Then lead us, we pray, in some flowery way,
 Where fragrance the air is perfuming,
 Till rising on high, we shall soar to the sky,
 Our work 'mid the flowers resuming.

RESPONSE OF THE PRIESTESS.

[*Air—“Nettleton.”*]

Welcome to this sacred altar,
 Welcome with your garlands rare.
 Blessings rich shall Flora send you,
 Answering your earnest prayer.
 Bow in lowly adoration ;
 Listen to her gracious voice,
 By her Oracle proclaiming
 Blessings for your happy choice.

RESPONSE OF THE ORACLE.

[*Air—“The Last Rose of Summer.”*]

Great Flora is smiling, the offering is pure,
 She's pleased with such treasure, her blessing is
 sure.
 She's waving her wand o'er the kingdom of
 flowers ;
 Go forth, breathe their fragrance, the brightest
 are yours.

CHORUS OF PRAISE BY FLORA'S WORSHIPERS.

[*Air—“Sparkling and Bright.”*]

Anthems of praise we will join to raise,
 The goddess of flowers addressing.
 She has heard our prayer, she will crown the
 year
 With the richest of all her blessings.

CHORUS (*Priestess and worshipers*).—

Then loud prolong the cheerful song,
 We will keep the chorus ringing,
 Till more shall bring their offering,
 And join with us in singing.

SONG OF POMONA'S WORSHIPERS.

[*Air—“The Light Canoe.”*]

We come from our homes with joy to-day,
 We come and our offerings bring ;
 O send us, sweet goddess, some token, we
 pray,
 For long and dreary has been our way—
 O hear us while we sing !
 Our spreading vines have failed to yield
 The clusters of ripened fruit ;
 Dry and withered are orchard and field,—
 Thy scepter of power in mercy wield,
 And quicken the dying root.

RESPONSE OF THE PRIESTESS.

[*Air—“What a Friend We Have in Jesus.”*]

Here within her mystic temple,
 Where her waiting votaries bow ;
 Here, with gifts of rarest seeming
 Crowning all who pay their vow,
 Waits the goddess, and her message
 To the trusting ones to-day,
 Lo ! the Oracle will tell it ;
 Listen what the voice shall say.

RESPONSE OF THE ORACLE.

[*Air—“The Lord is my Shepherd.”*]

Rich showers and bright sunshine the goddess
 will give,
 The withering fruit-tree new life shall receive.
 Pomona has promised a bountiful year,
 Arise, sing her praises, and banish your fear.

CHORUS OF PRAISE BY POMONA'S WORSHIPERS.

[*Air—“Sparkling and Bright.”*]

Anthems of praise we will join to raise,
 The goddess of fruits addressing.

She has heard our prayer, she will crown the year
 With the richest of all her blessings.

CHORUS (*Priestess and worshipers*).—

Then loud prolong the cheerful song,
 We will keep the chorus ringing,
 Till more shall bring their offering,
 And join with us in singing.

SONG OF FERONIA'S WORSHIPERS.

[*Air*—“Shall We Gather at the River?”]

Bring we now with joy and gladness
 Offerings to the goddess true ;
 Banish doubt and fear and sadness,
 Hail we hopes and wishes new.

CHORUS.—

Yes, we bring the mountain treasure,
 The bountiful, the bountiful treasure,
 Bring to Feronia the treasure
 That blesses our mountain home.

From the distant upland forests
 Bring we nuts of every kind .
 Grant, O goddess, that our treasure
 Ever bounteous we may find.

CHO.—Yes, we bring, etc.

RESPONSE OF PRIESTESS.

[*Air*—“Ellesdie.”]

From the mountain top and valley,
 Through the golden autumn day,
 Nutters, ye have brought your treasure,
 And the goddess hears you pray.
 Cheering words of hope she sends you,
 Banish every grief and care ;
 To her Oracle now listen,
 And her blessing you shall share.

RESPONSE OF THE ORACLE.

[*Air—“The Children are Gathering.”*]

The band at the altar Feronia approves,
And toward them in kindness her scepter she
moves.

The nutters shall sing when the autumn is come,
A song with the fruiters, of sweet Harvest Home.

CHORUS OF PRAISE BY FERONIA'S WORSHIPERS.

[*Air—“Sparkling and Bright.”*]

Anthems of praise we will join to raise,
The goddess of nuts addressing.

She has heard our prayer, she will crown the
year
With the richest of all her blessings.

CHORUS (*Priestess and worshipers*).—

Then loud prolong the cheerful song,
We will keep the chorus ringing,
Till more shall bring their offering,
And join with us in singing.

SONG OF CERES' WORSHIPERS.

[*Air—“Olivet.”*]

Goddess of Harvest Home,
To thee thy votaries come.

O give us cheer !
Our footsteps onward led,
Our weary way we've sped,
Hither with constant tread,
O goddess, hear !

Hear, and thy followers bless,
Crown us with glad success,
In all our ways.

Over each hill and plain,
Scatter the golden grain,
And earth shall sound again
Great Ceres' praise.

RESONSE OF THE PRIESTESS.

[*Air—“Refuge.”*]

All your trials now are over ;
 To each worn and weary heart.
 Every gift upon this altar
 Shall a sacred joy impart.
 Ceres with her benedictions
 Comes to bless her votaries here,
 Comes with words of holy comfort—
 Banish all your trembling fear !

RESPONSE OF THE ORACLE.

[*Air—“Where, tell me where is my Highland laddie gone.”*]

The goddess of harvest in mercy draws near,
 As the song of the gleaners falls sweet on the ear.
 No mildew shall blight, and no winter shall chill,
 Till Ceres each garner and store-house shall fill.

CHORUS OF PRAISE BY CERES' WORSHIPERS.

Anthems of praise we will join to raise,
 The goddess of grains addressing.
 She has heard our prayer, she will crown the year
 With the richest of all her blessings.

CHORUS (*Priestess and worshipers.*)—

Then loud prolong the cheerful song,
 We will keep the chorus ringing,
 Till more shall bring their offering,
 And join with us in singing.

(Enter two Christians, who pass by the altar of the false gods, and stand by the other, bowing their heads as they sing.).

CHRISTIANS' SONG OF ADORATION.

[*Air—“The Watcher.”*]

To Thee, Eternal Father, Creator, God and Friend,
To Thee, before this altar, in gratitude we bend.
Thou art of every nation, in every land and
clime,
Its beauty, life, perfection, peace, plenty—all
divine.

Thou art, and we, Thy children, from Thine o'er-
flowing hand,

Receive the golden harvest, the fruits of every
land.

Thou art, O God, we praise Thee. Thou hast all
nations blessed,

Oh, love us still, we pray Thee, and give us
heavenly rest.

RESPONSE OF THE PRIESTESS.

[*Air—“O Come, Come Away.”*]

O why thus aside?

Why spurn this sacred altar?

The gods will frown their vengeance down,
Your prayers they deride.

O turn unto this altar now,

And with rich offerings pay your vow;

O come, or vengeance now

Shall humble your pride.

RESPONSE OF THE CHRISTIAN WORSHIPERS.

[*Air—“The Rose That All Are Praising.”*]

The gods can never harm us,

There is no God but one;

He makes the worlds above us

In endless courses run.

He forms the light, He gives the rain,
 With golden harvest crowns the plain.
 He is Ceres and Pomona,
 He is Flora and Feronia,
 He is all the gods in one,
 He is all the gods in one.

He is God of every nation,
 He dwells in every land,
 He holds the vast creation
 In His almighty hand.
 He is our Father and our Friend,
 His love for us will never end.
 He is Ceres and Pomona, etc.

RESPONSE OF THE PRIESTESS.

[*Air—“The Eden Above.”*]

O why do you come with fair words to deceive
 us?
 O why would you lead us by falsehood astray?
 We have heard from our gods and we know they
 are near us,
 They have answered the prayers we have
 offered to-day.
 They have answered in love, by their Oracle say-
 ing
 “We bring you rich treasures, no longer delay-
 ing,
 To crown all who bring us their offerings, obey-
 ing
 The call we have made, ‘Crown our altar to-
 day.’”

RESPONSE OF THE CHRISTIAN WORSHIPERS.

[*Air—“The Rose That All Are Praising.”*]

Thou long hast been deceiving,
 Thou long hast been deceived;

Thou art too much believing,
 Thou hast too much believed.
 The Oracle in whom you trust,
 Is like yourself, a child of dust.

(*Drawing the curtain.*)

O see her guilt unbounded,
 Your worship is confounded ;
 O let the truth be sounded—
 The Lord is God alone.

FAREWELL OF THE IDOL WORSHIPERS.

[*Air—“The Rose That All Are Praising.”*]

(*They take their offerings and present them at the Christian altar.*)

Adieu, ye false deceivers !
 A long and last adieu !
 We are no more believers
 In gods proclaimed by you.
 Around the Christian altar now,
 Before the living God we'll bow ;
 To Him present our offering,
 And trust Him for His blessing,
 And shout, His name addressing,
 The Lord is God alone.

RESPONSE OF THE CHRISTIAN WORSHIPERS.

[*Air—“The Watcher.”*]

The Lord requires the offering of pure and contrite hearts,
 To all who bring this treasure, He saving grace imparts.
 He asks not gold nor silver, nor flowers nor fruits most rare,
 But bring Him virtue's treasure, and He will hear your prayer.

His oracle will answer within the soul's pure shrine,
And every hour of worship will bring you joy divine.
Then bow, thou false deceiver, deluded priestess,
bow
Before the Christian altar, and pay to God your vow.

(Oracle and priestess join the worshipers at the Christian altar.)

GENERAL CHORUS OF PRAISE.

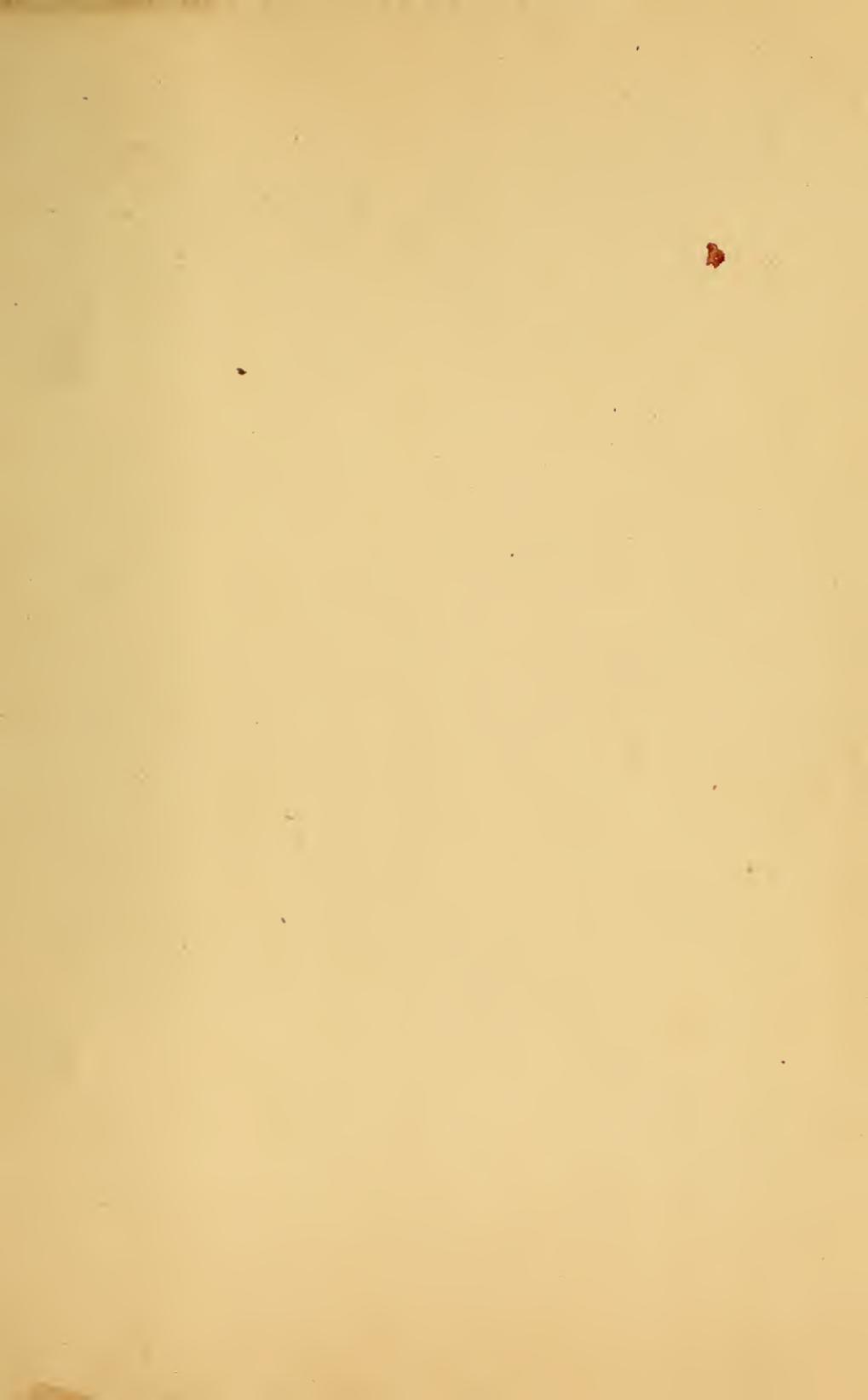
[*Air—“Sparkling and Bright.”*]

Anthems of praise we will join to raise,
The Christians' God addressing.
He has heard our prayer, He will crown our days
With the richest of all His blessings.

CHORUS.—

Then loud prolong the sacred song,
We will keep the chorus ringing,
Until a universe shall come
And join with us in singing.

(Repeat the chorus.)



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